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Twentieth Year.


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CONTENTS.

I. MEMOIRS OF GENERAL MARBOT, . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . .	195
II. PEARLIN' JEAN,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , . . .	209
III. ANURADHAPURA: A PRE-CHRISTIAN CITY. By C. F. Gordon Cumming,	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i> , . . .	222
IV. EXCURSION TO PARIS; AUTUMN, 1851. By Thomas Carlyle. Conclusion,	<i>New Review</i> ,	230
V. INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A NATURALIST. By Mrs. Andrew Crosse,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	235
VI. MORE INDIAN BIRDS,	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> , . . .	243
VII. IN PRAISE OF MOPS,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . .	251
VIII. THAT FOREIGN-OFFICE BAG,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> , . . .	254

POETRY.

WEAL AND WOE,	194 AUTUMN'S BRIEF REIGN,	194
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WEAL AND WOE.

THE tide has ebbd, and we a little band
Are left alone upon the silent sand;
Why are these sad dark rocks of waves bereft,
And storm-tossed weeds as spellbound sea-
marks left
To show where once the eager waters spread?
The vigorous life is gone — we softly tread,
Now touched with awe, our careless laughter
stilled,
By the stern grandeur of the bare rocks chilled.

The tide has ebbd, and we who saw it flow
Lamenting ask, "Ah, wherefore dost thou go,
Old ocean, hiding in thy southern caves,
While all the north laments thy ebbing
waves?"

And far-off whispers from th' horizon come,
From flying winds that hither, thither roam.
"Children of men, 'twixt heaven and earth
ye go

In this strange fate of wandering to and fro,
Now drawn to good and now to evil deed,
Until from earth's vibration ye are freed.
Why wonder ocean has its ebb and flow,
While man alternates still 'twixt weal and
woe?"

Academy.

BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

AUTUMN'S BRIEF REIGN.

WHEN the winds moan at night,
And down them float, like ghosts of faded
dreams,
The yellow leaves, which when the sun was
bright
Were wont to flutter in its golden beams,
And dance for sheer delight,
Then, while the world is hung with misty
wreaths,
Comes sad-eyed Autumn down the pathless
height,
O'er wind-swept heaths
That soon shall hide their heads in winter's
garb of white.

All the long summer through she lay asleep
'Mongst the bare hilltops, in a lonely grot,
Where no step sounded, save some mountain
sheep,
Wandering thither from its pasture-plot
In the green vale below.
Above her rose the mountains, peak on peak
Of everlasting snow,
At dawning bright with many a crimson
streak,
And when the sun was low,
Flushing with evening tints and golden bars,
Slowly to change to dark beneath the eternal
stars.

Soft was her sleep, while in the happy plains
Far down below, the languid summer lay,
Where, bathed in sunny hours and gentle rains,
The flowery meadows slept, knee-deep in
hay.

While in his shady haunts of murmuro's
leaves

The wandering cuckoo called from grove to
grove,
She stirred not, till the gathered autumn
sheaves

Were garnered, and the sad, complaining
dove

Sent everywhere a mourning voice abroad,
That the fair earth was stripped of all its
treasure-hoard.

Then stirred she in the cavern where she
slept

And the dark-fringed eyelids slowly rose,
Baring the great sad eyes, that never wept,
Though filled with sorrow nought can cloud
or close,

Sad as the voice of cold winds that have swept
Over eternal snows,

And wail all night around the silent door
Of some deserted house upon a lonely moor.

She wandered down over the trackless hills,
Through woodlands, to the dwellings of
mankind,

And ever at her glance, that blights and chills,
The leaves fell thick and thicker down the
wind.

She breathed upon the gardens, and her
breath

Slew all the colors of the summer flowers.

They hung their heads in death,
No more to be revived by any showers,
Till, when the long, long winter is outworn,
The faint sun welcome back the first spring
morn.

Before her face there sped
The last late swallow, now, with hurried wings,
Fast fleeing to the summer and the south,
Ere the sad trees should shed

Their latest leaves, and Boreas call, who
brings

The snow-clouds at the first blast of his
mouth,

And winter, with a fierce, relentless hand,
Bind in his iron bonds the waters and the land.

Through all the land she went —

A veiled shape clothed round with mystery;
Till at the last the sound of winds was blent
Around her with the murmur of the sea.

And down she passed, even to the utmost
strand,

And heard the tempest moaning in the
north,

Saw mighty billows gathering round the land,
With white crests bursting forth;

Then slowly faded she into the night,
A dusky cloud upon the face of heaven,

And Winter smote upon the sea with might,
And with a crash of billows rent and riven,

'Midst sound of rushing wind and waves that
roar,

Seized with his frozen grip the borders of the
shore.

S. CORNISH WATKINS.

Longman's Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.
MEMOIRS OF GENERAL MARBOT.

WHAT inexhaustible stores there appear to be of private memoirs of the great revolutionary epoch of France from 1789 to 1815! Not a year passes without further instalments of them issuing from the press. Nor is there any sign that we have come to the end of the series, or that the demand of the public for them is satiated. Louis Blanc and Taine speak of having had access to many private narratives of this period, of great value, which have not yet seen the light. Among the latest, and certainly the most valuable of such works, is that just published by the descendants of General Marbot, an officer whose name scarcely appears in any history of the time, but who served with great distinction in the Grande Armée of Napoleon from 1799 to the fall of the Empire. He acted as aide-de-camp successively to five marshals — Bernadotte, Augereau, Murat, Lannes, and Masséna — and had the singular good fortune to be present and to escape, not without many wounds, but with his life, from nearly all the great historic battles of the period. He served in the campaigns of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, Portugal, Moscow, Leipsic, and Waterloo. He was present at the sieges of Genoa and Saragossa. He was with Murat at Madrid; with Lannes in pursuit of Sir John Moore's army; and with Masséna in his advance on Lisbon, and during the winter before the lines of Torres Vedras, and in the subsequent retreat into Spain. He commanded a cavalry regiment in the Russian campaign, and led it safely across the Bérésina; and finally was present in the two disastrous defeats of Leipsic and Waterloo. He gained every step of promotion, from that of a private in the ranks to that of colonel, by acts of bravery in the field; he was thirteen times severely wounded; at the restoration of the monarchy he was one of those excepted from the amnesty, and forced into exile, but later he became attached to the Duke of Orleans, was made general, served as his aide-de-camp at the siege of Antwerp and in two campaigns in Africa, and finally died in 1854.

The three bulky volumes of memoirs

now at last published are full of the most interesting and exciting matter; the narrative never flags for a single page. Marbot's position as aide-de-camp brought him into contact with all the leading generals of the period, and often with Napoleon himself. His descriptions of his personal adventures are of extraordinary interest; and he gives hundreds of incidents throwing light on the condition of the army and the relations of its generals to one another and to their chief. The story is connected by short and lucid accounts of the general manœuvres in the several campaigns of Napoleon. There is, however, nothing very new in these. A comparison with Thiers's history shows that he must have revised his account from that source. What is of real value and interest is his own personal experience. Some of his adventures and hair-breadth escapes are so extraordinary as almost to surpass the credible.

Marbot, however, left the reputation of a man of the highest honor. He wrote this account of his military experiences for the benefit of his family, and apparently with no intention of publishing it; his descendants have only recently been induced to make it public. He had by writing a defence of the emperor's strategy in the campaign of Wagram earned the gratitude of Napoleon, who left him by his will one hundred thousand francs, with the request that he would undertake a history of the wars in which he was engaged. The contents of the book breathe in every page sentiments which do honor to him. It is impossible, then, to doubt his general veracity. The utmost that has been suggested by some critics in France is that Marbot was a good *raconteur*, and that in frequently telling the stories of his adventures he may have unconsciously improved them.

Although these memoirs are not written with the literary style of De Ségur, or in the solemn and tragic tone of Fézenac, they are in many respects more interesting. They strike one as more real in the sense that they mainly describe the incidents which came under the writer's personal view; they give the impression of these great wars from the point of view of

a staff officer, just as the memoirs of Fricasse gave those of the common soldiers of the Republic, and those of Coignet of the soldiers of the Empire. They breathe the life of the Grande Armée, the spirit which animated the officers and men, and which made it the greatest engine of war which has ever been known.

Marbot belonged to a family settled in the Dordogne, not of noble birth, but living *noblement*—that is to say, on their own resources, without any other industry, or any profession than that of arms. They gave three generals to France in the last hundred years. His mother's seven brothers were all in the army, and all of them emigrated during the Revolution. His father, a Republican by conviction, rose rapidly in the army during the early period of the Revolution, became a general, and was a deputy in the Legislative Assembly. He was appointed to the command of the Army of Paris in 1799, but when, shortly after, a plot was formed by Siéyès and others to place the government in the hands of a single military chief, and the general was sounded on the subject, he refused to give his aid. He agreed that the misfortunes of the country demanded a prompt remedy, but having sworn to maintain the existing Constitution, he would not avail himself of the authority which his command gave him over the troops of his division to overthrow the Constitution. He resigned his post, and asked for an active command in the field. Bernadotte followed his example. General Marbot was appointed to a division in the Army of Italy under Masséna; he took with him his son Marcelline, the author of these memoirs, then a lad of only seventeen. He was at this early age so timid by nature, that his father said he was more fit to be a girl, and called him *Mademoiselle Marcelline*. The lad soon showed that within a delicate frame he had a heart of steel, great physical endurance, and presence of mind and resource in time of peril.

There is an interesting account of the Marbots, father and son, on their way to Italy, meeting at Lyons with General Bonaparte, then returning from Egypt, with the full determination to overthrow

the existing government of France, and to grasp supreme power. Bonaparte did his best, by adroit flattery, to gain General Marbot to his cause, but failing in this, he artfully tried to give the impression to the public that Marbot was with him by walking arm in arm through the city in the most confidential manner. The general saw what was coming, and believed it to be inevitable, but he would not be a party to the overthrow of the Republic. Marcelline was introduced to Bonaparte, who took him by the ear, a sign with him of the most friendly condescension, and said: "This lad will one day be a second General Marbot." The general, wishing to leave Lyons the next morning, found that every horse in the town had been engaged by Bonaparte for a round of inspection of the fortifications. He was much annoyed by this, but contented himself, saying: "This is the beginning of omnipotence." He was obliged to descend the Rhone to Avignon in a barge, and was wrecked on a sandbank. From Avignon he went to Aix, and while there was invited to a grand banquet by the Radicals of Cavaillon, who left him to pay the bill of fifteen hundred francs for the entertainment, which included ortolans and the best of wines. Some of these patriots desired to pay their share, but the others said it would be an insult to the general.

Arrived at Nice, Marcelline entered as a private in the First Regiment of Hussars, which formed part of the division which his father commanded. A mentor was assigned to him, one Pertelay, a type of the hussar of the time. This man's face was divided by an immense scar; he had a long pigtail, moustaches half a foot in length, curled with wax, and losing themselves in his ears, and two wide plaits of hair which descended from his shako to his chest. In order to conform as far as possible to this type, which was that affected by the regiment, the young man was taken to a hairdresser, who rigged him out with false hair for a pigtail, plaits, and moustaches, so as to give him the necessary appearance of ferocity.

Within a few weeks Marcelline was able to show his quality and to earn promotion. A detachment of fifty hussars, under the

command of a lieutenant, was ordered to reconnoitre a certain district. The lieutenant met with an accident by the fall of his horse, and was unable to proceed. Sergeant Canon, who then took command, remained behind at a drink-shop, complaining of illness. The men then chose young Marbot as their leader. Under his command they surprised a hundred Austrian hussars, took seventeen of them prisoners, and escaped with great difficulty from a large force of Austrians. On their return they found Canon asleep at the drink-shop, with an enormous ham before him and two empty wine bottles. On reporting themselves to General Serras he began to abuse Canon, when Pertelay exclaimed: "Do not blame him, general, he is such a coward that if he had led us the expedition would never have succeeded." The general broke Canon on the spot, took his stripes from him in the presence of the regiment, and made Marbot sergeant in his place, without even suspecting that he was the son of the general commanding one of the divisions of the army.

A month later Marbot was engaged in another affair, in which thirty hussars, led by a younger brother of Pertelay, surprised a battery of Austrian artillery, and carried off six guns. One-third of the men engaged were killed or wounded. General Championnet, who commanded in chief, was so delighted with their action that he availed himself of a recent decree of the first consul, and awarded three swords of honor, carrying with them after a time the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and a commission as sub-lieutenant, to the detachment, allowing them to chose themselves who should receive these rewards. Their leader having been killed, they unanimously selected Marbot, who was nominated sub-lieutenant in December, 1799.

Among other types described by Marbot of this period is that of General Macard, commanding a division of cavalry. "He was one of those officers raised by hazard and by their courage, and who, while of real value before the enemy, were not less incapable from their want of instruction of holding high rank. This singular person — a real Colossus, of ex-

traordinary bravery — when about to make a charge at the head of the cavalry, was accustomed *s'habiller en bête*, as he called it. He divested himself of his coat and shirt, leaving only his breeches, his boots, and his plumed hat. Thus, naked to the waist, he exposed to view a trunk as hairy as that of a bear. Once equipped *en bête*, clenching his sabre, he rushed on the foe, swearing like a pagan, but he seldom came to close quarters, for the singular and terrible sight of this half-naked giant covered with hair, and who presented himself with yells, so terrified his foes that they flew on all sides, thinking they had to do with a wild beast." Marbot gives illustrations of the extreme ignorance of this man. "It must not be supposed," he adds, "that all the officers in the Army of Italy were like him; it contained in its ranks a great number of men distinguished by their education and their manners; but at this time it also included some chiefs who were very much out of place in the superior ranks. They were weeded out by degrees."

Marbot, having got his commission, became aide-de-camp to his father. The army shortly after retreated, under Masséna, to Genoa, and there underwent one of the most terrible sieges of modern times. In the course of it General Marbot was severely wounded, and later died of fever in his son's arms. The sufferings of the army and of the inhabitants were very great. Masséna maintained order only by enforcing the most rigid discipline. Any officer who did not punctually execute orders was broken without pity, by virtue of powers then conferred on commanders-in-chief. Marbot gives an illustration in the case of a Colonel Sarcleux, who failed to bring his regiment into position at the appointed time, and was the cause of the failure of a sortie which the marshal had planned. The marshal deprived him of his command, and announced it in an order of the day. Sarcleux would have shot himself if he could have re-established his honor by so doing. Instead of this he shouldered a musket and took his place in the ranks of the regiment he had commanded.

Marbot, after the death of his father,

had been appointed aide-de-camp to Marshal Masséna, and after the fall of Genoa was sent to Milan, under one of the conditions of the surrender, to inform General Bonaparte of the fact, it being considered by Masséna of the greatest possible importance that early information should reach him. He followed Bonaparte to Marengo, and acted as his aide-de-camp in the decisive battle there.

On the renewal of war with Austria in 1805, Marbot was again employed as aide-de-camp, this time with Marshal d'Angereau, who commanded a *corps d'armée* at Brest. This corps marched three hundred leagues, from Brest to the frontier of Switzerland, in two months. Marbot was incessantly employed in carrying orders from one corps to another, and was sent on a most dangerous mission across the Splügen Pass, then almost impracticable in the early winter, to General Masséna, in command in Italy, but returned in time to take part in the manœuvres which culminated at Austerlitz. He mentions an incident of this battle not referred to elsewhere. An Austrian corps, finding themselves between two fires, endeavored to escape across the lake of Satschan, then frozen. When they had reached the centre of it, Napoleon summoned the artillery of his guard, and ordered them to fire shot on the ice. This broke it up in an infinite number of points and the water rose through the cracks. "We saw thousands of Austrians, with their horses, guns, and carriages, gradually sink in the gulf. A very few succeeded in saving themselves by means of ropes which the French soldiers threw them from the bank, but the bulk of them were drowned." The next morning, as Napoleon was standing on the edge of the lake, surrounded by his generals and their staff, they observed an Austrian officer lying on a floating piece of ice. He was unable to move, as his thigh was broken. Seeing Napoleon's staff, he called out to them in piteous cries for assistance. By the direction of Napoleon every effort was made to save him, but in vain, till Marbot volunteered to plunge into the freezing water, and swam out to the ice and succeeded after great efforts in guiding it to the edge of the lake, whence the officer was rescued.

On the conclusion of the war he returned to Paris, and was thence sent by Napoleon with despatches to Berlin. At this capital he was witness of the intense hatred of the Prussians to France, and of the intrigues of the queen and others to

force on a war. The cavalry of the Royal Guard, he says, sharpened their swords on the doorsteps of the French ambassador's house. On being questioned by Napoleon on his return, and informing him of this incident, the emperor exclaimed with indignation, "The braggarts will soon learn that our arms are in a good state." War soon broke out, and Marbot was again with Marshal d'Angereau in the Jena campaign.

Later he crossed the Vistula with the army, and took part in the terrible winter campaign in Poland, and in the battles of Landsberg and Eylau. At the former, the light cavalry charged the Russians, but were repulsed; Napoleon then ordered up the heavy cavalry, under General d'Hartpoul. They attacked the Russians, and completely annihilated eight battalions. Never was there a cavalry charge with such brilliant results. The emperor, Marbot says, to testify his satisfaction with the cuirassiers, embraced their general in the presence of the division. D'Hartpoul exclaimed: "To show myself worthy of such an honor, I should allow myself to be killed for your Majesty." He kept his word, for the next day he died on the field of battle at Eylau. "Quelle époque et quels hommes!" says Marbot. At Eylau, one of the most terrible battles of the century, and where the losses in killed and wounded on both sides formed a larger proportion than in any other battle, ancient or modern, the corps of General Augereau was almost entirely destroyed. Of fifteen thousand men there came out of action only three thousand. The marshal was wounded; all his generals and colonels were killed or wounded. Marbot himself was severely wounded, and escaped death only by a miracle. The story of his escape on his mare Lisette is one of the most extraordinary in the book, and is worth quoting, though, for brevity's sake, I have been compelled to omit many graphic details which add to its interest and sense of reality:—

Lisette was a mare of fine quality and great speed. She had, however, one defect, she bit like a bull-dog and threw herself with fury on persons who displeased her. She could only be saddled by the aid of five persons, but once on her back the mount was incomparable. . . . Such was the mare I mounted at Eylau at the moment when the *débris* of the *corps d'armée* of Augereau, crushed by the hail of bullets, endeavored to concentrate near the great cemetery. The 14th Regiment remained alone on a hill which it had been ordered not to quit by the Emperor himself. The snow having ceased for the moment we

perceived the intrepid regiment surrounded by the enemy waving its eagle in the air as a sign that it held its own and demanded succor. The Emperor resolved to save it if possible, and ordered Marshal d'Angereau to send an aide-de-camp to it with instructions to descend the hill and to form a square in the plain, while a brigade of cavalry should march to their assistance. It was almost impossible to carry out these orders as a cloud of Cossacks separated us from the Regiment. Two officers in turn were sent. Neither of them reached their destination. They were never heard of again. They were probably killed, and their bodies stripped of their uniforms could not be recognized in the vast heaps of dead. For the third time the Marshal called out, "L'Officier à marcher." It was my turn . . . I dashed off on the errand. I took a different course from that of the officers who had preceded me, and instead of advancing sword in hand to defend myself against the Cossacks, I rode as if racing, leaving my sword in its scabbard, and endeavored to reach the goal by the shortest route, without thinking of the Cossacks on either side of me. This method succeeded perfectly. Lisette flew swift as a swallow, leaping over the heaps of dead bodies of men and horses and gun-carriages. Thousands of Cossacks were scattered over the plain. The first who perceived me called out like men beating up game in a line: "A vous! à vous!" But none of them tried to stop me, partly because of the extreme speed of my mare, and partly because each one thought that I could not escape those beyond him. Thus I escaped all and reached the 14th Regiment. . . . I found it formed in a square. It was surrounded by a circle of dead bodies of horses and Russian dragoons whom they had repulsed, and who formed a kind of rampart, which made their position unassailable to cavalry. I had difficulty in passing over this bloody embankment.

When I gave to the officer in command of the Regiment the order to retire, he observed that the handful of men remaining to him would be exterminated if it descended into the plain, and that there was not time to execute the movement as a column of Russian infantry was marching on them at a distance of only a hundred yards. "I see no means of safety," he said; "return to the Emperor, and bid him farewell on behalf of the 14th Regiment, which has faithfully executed his orders; convey to him the eagle which he gave us, and which we can defend no longer; it would be too painful to us in dying to see it fall into the hands of the enemy." The captain then gave me the eagle, which the soldiers saluted for the last time, with cries of "Vive l'Empereur." . . . At the moment when I was leaning forward to receive the eagle, a cannon-ball struck and passed through the peak of my hat close to my head. . . . I was all but annihilated by the blow, but did not fall from my horse. Blood flowed from my nose, my ears, and even from my eyes; still I heard, I saw, I

understood, and preserved all my intellectual faculties, though my limbs were so paralyzed that I could not move a single finger. . . . Meanwhile the column of Russian infantry charged the hill. Gorged with brandy, they threw themselves on the feeble remnant of the 14th Regiment, who defended themselves valiantly with their bayonets, and when the square was broken fell into groups, and sustained for a time the unequal combat. . . . In the *mêlée* which ensued I received a bayonet wound in the arm. Another blow was aimed at me by a Russian soldier, but in his drunkenness he lost his balance, and his bayonet struck the hind-quarters of Lisette. The mare, mad with pain, reverted to her ferocious instincts; she rushed on the Russian, seized him by the face, and with her teeth tore away his nose, lips, eyelids, and all the skin, and left him a most terrible spectacle — *une tête de mort vivante toute rouge*. Then rushing furiously in the midst of the combatants, Lisette threw herself against every one she met in her way. . . . A Russian officer having laid hold of her bridle, she seized him by the belly, and lifting him with ease, she carried him beyond the *mêlée* to the foot of the hill, where she trampled on his body, and left him dying on the snow. Then, renewing her course by the road she had come, she galloped at full speed to the cemetery. Thanks to the hussar saddle on which I was seated, I maintained myself on the mare. . . . When nearly at the cemetery a new danger befell me. I found myself in front of a French battalion of the Old Guard, who, unable to see any distance on account of the heavy flakes of snow, took me for an enemy leading a charge of cavalry. The battalion fired on me. My cloak and saddle were riddled with shot, but I was not wounded, nor was my mare, which charged the battalion, and passed through its ranks with the greatest ease. . . . This last effort exhausted her power; she had lost much blood, one of the veins of her hind-quarter having been cut; the poor beast suddenly collapsed and fell on one side, while I rolled off on the other. . . . Stretched on the snow, among the dead and dying, not being able to move, I lost consciousness. . . . At last I fainted away, and was not even roused by the great tumult which ninety-six squadrons of Murat's cavalry made in charging near me, if not over me. I reckoned that my fainting-fit lasted four hours; when I revived I found myself completely naked, having nothing left on me but my hat and my right boot. A soldier of the baggage-train, thinking me dead, had stripped me, according to custom, and, wishing to tear from me the remaining boot, had planted his foot on my belly for better purchase while pulling at my leg. The efforts of this man had the effect of reviving me. I was able to raise myself and to clear my throat of blood. The shock caused by the wind of the cannon-ball had been such that my face, shoulders, and breast were black, while the blood flowing from the wound in my arm reddened all the

rest of my body. My hat and my hair were filled with snow, colored with blood. . . . The soldier turned from me, and bolted with my clothes before I could utter a word. In this condition, with night approaching, when I must have died of cold, nothing but a miracle could save me. This second miracle did occur.

The man who had taken Marbot's clothes, while returning to the camp, showed his booty to a comrade who was driving a fourgon, in which there happened to be a servant of Marshal Augereau, to whom Marbot had rendered some great service. This servant recognizing his benefactor's uniform by an Astrakan collar, the only one of its kind in the division, and wishing to see for the last time his dead body, induced the soldier to take him to the spot where it lay, and there he found Marbot still alive. The joy of this man was great. He summoned help. Marbot was brought into camp, and by careful nursing was ultimately cured. The surgeon declared that the bleeding from the bayonet wound had probably saved his life from the effect of the wind of the cannon-ball. It is satisfactory to know that Lisette also recovered.

After some days in hospital at Warsaw, Marbot returned to Paris, and was not fit for service again till the following spring, when he rejoined the army, this time as aide-de-camp to Marshal Lannes, and he was in time to take part in the battle of Friedland. On the eve of the battle he delivered a message from Lannes to the emperor, when the latter asked him, "Have you a good memory? What anniversary is this?" "That of Marengo," replied Marbot. "Yes," said the emperor, "that of Marengo, and I shall defeat the Russians as I defeated the Austrians." As the troops passed in review before him, he repeatedly exclaimed, "This is a lucky day — the anniversary of Marengo." And so it turned out, for after three days' fighting, the Russians were completely defeated, and lost twenty-six thousand killed and wounded, to only eight thousand of the French. It was followed by the Treaty of Tilsit, the culminating point of Napoleon's career.

Marbot's next service was as aide-de-camp to Murat in Spain in 1807. There is much in this part of his memoirs of great value. Spain was then in alliance with France. The French army was concentrated ostensibly for the invasion of Portugal. The troops sent there, however, were not the men who had fought with the emperor in his famous campaigns, but fresh

conscripts, of inferior physique and without much training. Marbot says of them: "What a spectacle for the population, who assembled from long distances to look at the victors of Marengo, Austerlitz, and Friedland, and who saw these wretched conscripts, who could scarcely carry their haversacks and arms, who had more the appearance of invalids leaving the hospital, than an army marching to the conquest of a kingdom! . . . This sad spectacle gave to the Spaniards a very bad impression of our troops, and led to disastrous results. Napoleon despised too much the population of the Peninsula, and thought that it sufficed to show French troops to obtain all that he wanted from them. This was a grave error."

Marbot was at Madrid when the *Émeute* took place against Godoy, the queen's favorite, and was the means of rescuing this personage from the fury of the mob. He tells again the miserable story of the perfidious action of Napoleon to the Spanish king and to the people of Spain, and the consequent general insurrection: "As a military man, it was my duty to fight the men who attacked the French army; but I could not but recognize in my inward heart that our cause was a bad one, and that the Spaniards had good reason to repel as enemies those who, having presented themselves as friends, desired to dethrone their sovereign, and to take possession of the kingdom by force; the war appeared to me to be iniquitous, but I was a soldier, and could not refuse to march without being taxed with cowardice. . . . The greater part of the army thought as I did, but obeyed all the same."

When Joseph Bonaparte was placed by his brother on his ephemeral throne in Spain, Murat succeeded him at Naples, and Marbot was taken by Marshal Lannes on his staff. "If you are not killed," the marshal said, "I will promote you rapidly." His duties as aide-de-camp in carrying despatches from one *corps d'armée* to another, often alone, and sometimes on foot, across wide districts of country generally infested by guerillas, were among the most arduous and dangerous of any that he ever performed. Incidentally he mentions that between the years 1808 and 1814 more than two hundred staff officers were killed or taken prisoners by the Spaniards, while engaged in this task.

After the victory of Lannes at Tudela, he was sent with despatches to announce it to Napoleon, then at Aranda; he was attacked on the way by guerillas, severely wounded, and escaped again almost by a

miracle. He was obliged to return to headquarters. On his way, by the roadside he saw the dead body of a young French officer of the cavalry nailed to the wall of a building, with his head downwards, and a fire lighted beneath him; blood was still dripping from his body. Reaching headquarters with difficulty, he was unable on account of his wound to start again. His despatches were stained with his blood. The chief of the staff proposed to re-copy them. "No," said the marshal, "it is well that the emperor should see how valiantly Captain Marbot has defended them."

Scarcely recovered, he joined Lannes and the emperor himself in pursuit of Sir John Moore's force, and crossed the Douro. The march was a terrible one; all stragglers were cruelly treated and killed by the peasants. He states that three grenadiers of the Guard, finding themselves unable to continue the march, and unwilling to remain behind with the certainty of being tortured and massacred, blew their brains out with their muskets.

Napoleon was greatly affected by these suicides, and, in spite of the mud and rain, visited successively all the buildings in which the soldiers had sought shelter for the night, and spoke to them, in the hope of raising their *morale* and infusing the old enthusiasm in them. The next day, on receipt of news from France, the emperor left the army and returned to Paris, leaving to Marshal Soult the task of pursuing the English army and of fighting the battle of Corunna.

Lannes separated at the same time from the army of Portugal, and was directed to Saragossa, where he took command of the troops, thirty thousand in number, engaged in the celebrated siege of that city. Marbot was ordered by the marshal to lead a storming party of eight companies of grenadiers, with the promise of promotion if successful, but, while reconnoitring the point where the assault was to be made, he was struck by a shot, and again most dangerously wounded. He recovered only in time to be present at the surrender of the city to Lannes.

Saragossa taken, Lannes returned to Paris, accompanied by Marbot. Within ten days of their arrival there they were again *en route* to join the emperor at Augsburg, in his new campaign against Austria. Marbot was soon again in the thick of the fray. He had another extraordinary escape at the battle of Eckmühl. Lannes had ordered him to conduct a regiment of cuirassiers, which had been

misdirected by another aide-de-camp, to a point where it was to charge a regiment of Croats. In the charge which took place the Croats were annihilated, but Marbot's horse was killed under him, and he was dismounted. The cuirassiers, carrying their charge too far, were in their turn met by a regiment of Austrian lancers, who repulsed them, and they retreated at a gallop over the ground where Marbot lay, pursued by the Austrians. There was a distance of a few hundred feet only between the two corps, and if Marbot had been left behind, he would have been killed to a certainty. Two mounted cuirassiers gave him their hands, and thus, half lifted from the ground, he bounded along with them with tremendous strides, while they galloped at a fearful pace over the short distance which separated them from their own lines. "It was time for my gymnastic course," he says, "to end, for I was completely out of breath, and could not have continued. I learned then how inconvenient are the heavy long boots of the cuirassiers in time of war; for a young officer in the regiment, who, like me, had his horse killed under him, and was supported by two of his comrades on the return gallop in the same manner that I was, found himself unable to keep pace with the horses on account of his heavy boots; he was left behind, and was killed by an Austrian lancer, while I had escaped by reason of my light boots."

The next day it became absolutely necessary, for the safety of the army in its future proceedings, to take the town of Ratisbon at any cost. The emperor himself directed the proceedings and was wounded while so doing. The pain was great, though the wound was slight, but Napoleon was soon able to remount his horse and to ride along the lines of his army, while Lannes was making preparations for the assault of Ratisbon. When all was ready the emperor returned to his post overlooking the point of assault. A battery of guns had shattered the ramparts sufficiently to make a slope by which the assault could be made, but there remained a height of eight or ten feet of wall, against which it was necessary to place scaling-ladders. Lannes called for fifty volunteers to lead the assaulting body with ladders; the only difficulty was to select the number out of all who volunteered for the dangerous duty. On advancing to the breach they were all swept away by the enemy's fire. Another party of volunteers was called for, with the same result. When the call was made a third time,

there was no longer the same desire to volunteer for a duty which now appeared to lead to certain death. Though the emperor was looking on, and the whole army was present, no one volunteered. There was a mournful silence throughout the ranks. "The intrepid Lannes," says Marbot, "then exclaimed, 'I will show you that before being a marshal I was a grenadier, and am so still.' He seized a ladder and was about to mount the breach. His aides-de-camp endeavored to prevent him, but he insisted upon going. I then took upon myself to say, 'Monsieur le Maréchal, you would not wish us to be dishonored; we should be so if you received the slightest wound in carrying a ladder to the rampart before every one of your aides-de-camp had been killed.' Then, in spite of his efforts, I snatched the ladder from him and placed it on my shoulder, while Vitry took the other end of it, and the other aides-de-camp by couples also took up ladders.

"At the sight of a marshal of France disputing with his aides-de-camp who should first mount the breach, a cry of enthusiasm arose from the whole division! Officers and soldiers all claimed the honor of mounting at the head of the assaulting column. They endeavored to push us aside, and to lay hold of the ladders; but in yielding we should have given the impression of having acted a little comedy for the purpose of rousing the *élan* of the troops. The marshal understood this, and though he feared that his staff would be exterminated in making so perilous an attack, he allowed us to proceed."

Marbot, having had most experience, organized and led the attack. By one of those strange accidents of war, while the first two assaulting parties had been destroyed before arriving at the wall, the third reached it without losing a single man. The wall was escalated in the presence of the whole army, the assaulting column succeeded in forcing an entrance, and the town was carried with comparatively little loss. As a reward for this service the emperor promised to promote Marbot to the rank of major.

The next service which Marbot rendered to the emperor was, if possible, even more dangerous and critical, and one of which he was prouder than of any other, partly because it was voluntarily undertaken, whereas the others were by orders of his superior officers. A few days after the taking of Ratisbon, the French army was at Mülk, on the banks of the Danube. The town was dominated by a

great rock in the form of a promontory, on the summit of which was a Benedictine convent of great wealth. The rooms of the monastery looked out on the Danube, and to a vast distance beyond. The emperor and many of his marshals, including Lannes, were lodged for the night in this monastery.

On the opposite bank of the Danube the camp fires of the Austrian army could be seen; but it was not known what the force consisted of. It was essential to Napoleon's further movements that he should know whether General Hiller's division was with the main army or not, and the only means of ascertaining this promptly was to send a trusted man across the river into the enemy's camp.

Marbot was sent for, and on the suggestion, not the demand, of Napoleon himself, volunteered for the duty, involving almost certain death, of crossing the Danube by night in a boat, landing in the enemy's camp, kidnapping and carrying off two or three men from the Austrians. The Danube, being in flood, was three miles in width. The danger of the crossing was immensely increased by the heavy flood bringing down great quantities of trees recently felled in the adjoining mountains. A gale of wind was blowing, and torrents of rain were falling. The boatmen of the place refused to embark, insisting that to attempt the crossing was almost certain death. Napoleon then gave orders that six of them were to be compelled by force to take Marbot across the river, and soldiers were told off to see that they performed this duty. Marbot was conveyed across the river, landed with his soldiers on the opposite bank, escaped detection in the darkness from the Austrian guard, and succeeded in kidnapping three men, whom they brought across the river to Napoleon. When questioned by the emperor himself, it turned out that they belonged to General Hiller's corps, and thus the important question was solved.

The boatmen were rewarded by presents of twelve thousand francs each. The emperor also directed that the kidnapped men should be returned to the Austrian army with gifts of money to recompense them for their fright, saying that any one giving information to him, even involuntarily, ought to be rewarded.

The interesting events which followed in this campaign — the occupation of the island of Lobau in the middle of the Danube, the crossing of the river, the battle of Essling, the breaking of the bridges by

the Austrians in the middle of the battle, the critical position of Napoleon and his retreat to the island again; the death of Marshal Lannes in the arms of Marbot, from a wound at Essling, the fortifying of Lobau with a view to again crossing the Danube, and the crowning victory of Wagram — are all matters of general history, though Marbot tells them with great vividness, and with many fresh details which throw light upon them.

On the death of Lannes, Marbot was transferred to the staff of Marshal Masséna, and remained with him during the rest of the Austrian campaign, and during his campaign in Portugal. His relations with his new chief were not of a friendly character. The misunderstanding had its origin in an incident at the battle of Wagram.

At a critical part of that battle, one of the divisions under Masséna was falling back on its reserves, pursued by the Austrian cavalry. It was necessary to stem the torrent of fugitives and give a new direction to their flight, lest they should involve three other regiments in reserve in a common rout. All Masséna's aides-de-camp but one were already engaged in conveying his orders. The one remaining by his side was his son, Prosper Masséna, who was making his first campaign. The marshal feared to expose his son on a mission which was of the most perilous nature, for it was more than probable that the aide-de-camp who should venture into the middle of the disordered mob of fugitives would be sabred by the enemy. At this moment Marbot returned from some other mission, and without giving him time to breathe, the marshal ordered him to throw himself into the danger he feared for his son.

I had too strong a sense of duty [says Marbot] not to understand that a marshal was under no obligation to follow the rule which aides-de-camp have made for themselves, to take their turn in carrying orders, however perilous. The chief must, under certain circumstances, employ the officer he thinks best qualified to execute his orders. Although Prosper had taken but one message that day, and it was his turn to go, I made no objection. I was indeed proud of the confidence reposed in me by my selection for such a duty. The Marshal, however, destroyed my illusions by saying to me in a wheedling tone: "You understand, my friend, why I do not send my son, though it is his turn to go. I fear he may be killed. You understand — you understand." I ought to have been silent; but, indignant at such egotism so little disguised, I could not refrain from replying, in

the presence of several generals: "Monsieur le Maréchal, I was on the point of starting under the belief that I was to perform a duty; I regret that you have shown me my mistake, for I now understand that, compelled to send one of your aides-de-camp to an almost certain death, you prefer that it should be myself rather than your son; but I think you might have spared me this cruel truth." And without waiting for any reply, I started off on my errand at full gallop. . . . I soon found Prosper Masséna at my side. The brave lad, indignant that his father should have exposed me in place of himself, had escaped in order to follow me. "I wish," he said, "to share the danger which should have been spared you, if the blind tenderness of my father had not rendered him unjust to you." The noble simplicity of the young man pleased me. In his place I should have acted as he did.

Our position in the *mêlée* of fugitives and Austrian Lancers was most critical. I had a triple task to perform — to ward off the blows aimed at young Masséna, who, having had no experience with his sword, was very unskilful; to defend myself; and thirdly, to induce the fugitive soldiers to change their course so as not to throw into confusion the regiments in reserve. We succeeded, however, in our task, and neither Prosper nor I received any wounds. We returned to the Marshal, who uttered a cry at seeing his son covered with blood; but on hearing that he was not wounded he gave vent to his anger, and in the presence of the generals and of two officers of the Emperor's staff he roundly abused his son. "Who ordered you, young fool, to mix yourself in such a *mêlée*?" The answer of Prosper was really sublime. "Who ordered me? My honor! I wished to prove to my comrades in the army and to France that if I am not destined to have the military talent which has rendered my father illustrious, I am at least by my courage worthy to bear the name of Masséna." The Emperor was informed of what had passed, and when shortly after he came across Masséna's staff, he called Prosper to his side, and taking him kindly by the ear, said: "Well done, *mon cher*, this is how young men like you should begin their careers;" and then, turning to the Marshal, he said to him in a low voice, but so as to be heard by General Bertrand, who reported it to me: "I love my brother Louis as much as you cherish your son, but when he was my aide-de-camp in Italy he did his duty like the others, and I should have feared to discredit him if I had exposed one of his comrades in his place."

From that time forth Masséna evidently owed Marbot a grudge.

Another incident of the battle of Wagram, of more historical importance, I have not found recorded elsewhere. Marshal Bernadotte had for some time been disaffected to the emperor. After the first day's fighting at Wagram he criticised

very hostilely the tactics pursued, and he said publicly, in the presence of those who reported it to the emperor, that the passage of the Danube and the action which followed had been badly directed, and if he had himself the command he would, by a *savante manœuvre* and almost without fighting, reduce Prince Charles to the necessity of laying down his arms. During the fighting of the next day the Saxon troops under the command of Bernadotte, being badly led, were repulsed by the Austrian cavalry, and fell back in disorder on Masséna's corps. Bernadotte galloped back to head his men and to rally them, and in doing so found himself in the presence of Napoleon, who, in an ironical tone, said to him: "Is this the *savante manœuvre* by which you count on reducing Prince Charles to the necessity of laying down his arms?" Bernadotte was stupefied, and before he could stammer out a few words, Napoleon, in loud voice and in a tone of the utmost severity, said: "I withdraw from you the command of the army which you direct so ill. . . . Withdraw at once, and quit the army in twenty-four hours. I have no need of a blunderer such as you." This said, the emperor turned his back on the marshal, and taking command himself of the Saxons, restored order in their ranks, and led them again against the enemy. Bernadotte was with difficulty prevented by his aides-de-camp throwing himself on the bayonets of the enemy. He wandered all day over the field of battle, and eventually withdrew to France. On his return to Paris he was entrusted with another command by the minister of war, without the knowledge of the emperor. A few months later he was elected by the Diet of Sweden as successor to their king, and as crown-prince of that country he led their army in the campaign of 1813 against France, and had his revenge on the emperor at the decisive battle of Leipsic.

Early in 1810 Marbot again left Paris to join Masséna's staff in Spain, and served in the two campaigns in Portugal of 1810 and 1811, which he says were full of hardship to him. Twice he was severely wounded. He received no reward, and not even a kindly recognition from the marshal. This was the more strange, as on one occasion, when Masséna was examining on foot the fortifications of Ciudad Rodrigo, and a shell burst close to him, covering him with sand and dirt which for the time completely blinded him, Marbot took him on his back and carried him some distance till out of danger.

Marbot's account of these campaigns, including the taking of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, the advance into Portugal, the battle of Busaco, the winter spent by Masséna's force before the lines of Torres Vedras and his retreat the following spring, the battles of Fuentes d'Onoro and in front of Almeida, are very full; they are of interest chiefly in the fuller evidence they give of the disastrous effect of the quarrels and misunderstandings between the various marshals employed in Portugal and Spain.

The most complete anarchy [he says] prevailed among the marshals and the chiefs of the various *corps d'armée*. Each one considered himself independent, and would render no aid of men or provisions to the others. In vain the Emperor himself addressed the most peremptory orders to the chiefs to support one another. . . . None obeyed, and each pretended to have need of all the resources he could dispose of. General Saint-Cyr was on the point of being crushed in Catalonia because Marshal Suchet, Governor of Aragon, refused to send him a single battalion. Marshal Soult was abandoned at Oporto because Marshal Victor neglected to obey the order he had received to join him. Soult in his turn refused, later, to come to the succor of Masséna when at the gates of Lisbon. Masséna could not get Bessières to aid him in fighting the English before Almeida, when an additional division might have turned the tide against Wellington. I could quote a mass of examples of egotism and disobedience which caused the destruction of the French armies in the Peninsula.

Masséna was the chief sufferer from the want of co-operation of the other marshals. His relations with his brother marshals and generals were embittered by a puerile matter, which is another illustration of the old saying: *Cherchez la femme*. Marbot says that Masséna brought with him to Spain a Madame X. He had only consented to take command in Portugal upon the express understanding with the emperor that he was to be allowed to take this lady with him. In the advance on Portugal there was a meeting with Masséna and Marshals Ney, Regnier, Junot, and Montbrun. They had come some distance for a council of war, and Masséna, who had been accustomed to dine alone with Madame X., apart from his staff, asked them to join his table before returning to their respective camps. A few minutes before sitting down to dinner Masséna summoned Madame X., who on finding herself in the presence of the marshals was about to withdraw, but Masséna called out to Ney, in a loud voice: "My

dear marshal, give your arm to madame." Ney grew pale, but restrained himself, and conducted the lady to the table, but during the dinner he did not speak a single word to her, and addressed himself wholly to Montbrun on his left. Madame X., feeling that she was in a false position, was greatly agitated, and finally fell into a fainting fit. The four marshals immediately left the table, and expressed themselves in very indignant terms on what had occurred. Dating from this scene there was a very bad feeling between these officers and Marshal Masséna.

Madame X. appears to have been a great cause of embarrassment to the army. As there were no roads for carriages in Portugal, she accompanied Masséna on horseback. Her fatigues contributed greatly to retard his movements, for it was impossible to leave her behind without exposing her to be carried off by guerillas. It was necessary on her account to make very short stages. The marshal, on more than one occasion, lost most precious time through this. In the retreat into Spain in 1811 her position became very critical. Her horse fell several times with her in the mountain passes, and the poor woman, who bore it with the greatest courage, was cruelly bruised. At last it was necessary to have her carried in a litter by grenadiers. The marshal implored his men not to abandon her, and often exclaimed: "What a mistake I have made in bringing a woman to the war!"

The campaign ended, so far as Masséna and Marbot are concerned, on the arrival of the retreating army at Ciudad Rodrigo. Masséna was then recalled in disgrace, and was superseded by Marshal Marmont. Marbot returned with his chief to Paris.

Marbot's next service was as major in a cavalry regiment—the Twenty-third Chasseurs. In the absence of the colonel through illness, he commanded this regiment for many months during the Russian campaign, and was eventually promoted to the colonelcy. Although his opportunities of seeing and hearing what was taking place were much fewer than when acting as aide-de-camp to a marshal, his narrative contains much that is of value, and may be compared with advantage with those of Ségur and Férenzac. The Twenty-third Chasseurs were attached to the Second Army Corps under Marshal Oudinot, and later, when this officer was wounded, under General Saint-Cyr, an officer of great skill and courage, but reckless of the lives of his men. He had begun life as a comic actor. Except dur-

ing the time of battle he showed himself little to his troops, and was often practising on his violin when he should have been looking after the interests of his corps. He had, however, real military genius. His *corps d'armée* did not advance to Moscow. It remained behind on the Duna, and there protected the flank of the main advance. It had several most severe engagements, notably that at Polotsk, in which the Twenty-third Chasseurs especially distinguished themselves. On the retreat of the Grand Army from Moscow, the Second Army Corps fell into line with it shortly before it arrived on the banks of the Bérésina. Marbot's regiment found no difficulty in fording this river, which was not a wide one, before the two bridges were constructed by the engineers. He says that the crossing by foot soldiers might have been greatly facilitated by placing lines of carts across the bed of the river, so that the men might step from one to the other. No one, however, would listen to his suggestion. Having occasion to recross the river in search of some of his baggage on the night before the main army crossed, and when there occurred the terrible disaster so often described, he found the two bridges quite deserted. The losses of the following day might have been avoided if the staff of the army had availed themselves of that night to send across the baggage and the fifty thousand stragglers. He found this vast mass of people quietly seated round their camp fires, grilling their rations of horse-flesh, unconscious of the disaster that would overtake them on the morrow in the crossing, which at that moment could have been effected without difficulty. In vain, when passing by the camps of the general staff and that of Marshal Oudinot, he pointed out to the staff officers that the bridges were deserted, and how easy it would be to compel the vast crowds of unarmed men to cross when there was no enemy to oppose them. They replied only with evasive words, each one leaving it to others to direct the operation. Taking himself a few soldiers, he succeeded, by persuasion alone, in inducing two to three thousand of these wretched people to cross the bridges. The vast mass remained behind, and next day fell victims to their own neglect and to the remissness of the staff.

It was in this disordered camp [he adds] that I saw for the first time the soldiers returning from Moscow. My heart was broken at the sight. All grades were confounded: no arms, no uniforms. Soldiers, officers, and

even generals were covered with rags, and having for boots bands of leather and cloth. Thousands of men of all nations were mixed together, speaking all the languages of Europe, without being able to understand one another.

After crossing the Bérésina and the marshes of Zembin, the French burnt the bridges behind them; but unfortunately this was of little use to them. A severe frost the next night froze the river and the marshes sufficiently to enable the Russians to cross. Henceforth the Second Army Corps formed the rear guard of the army. In spite of the general disorganization, Marbot was able to keep his regiment well together, and it formed a striking contrast to others; so much so, that Napoleon could scarcely believe that so many of its men remained under arms. In comparing Marbot's account of this terrible retreat with that of Ségur, it appears that in one respect the latter has somewhat overstated the difficulties of the army. Marbot says that it was not true that food was so scarce that the men were reduced to eat human flesh, there was always a sufficiency of horse-flesh, owing to the vast number of horses which succumbed along the route, and provisions also were not wanting in the country after passing the Bérésina. The cold, however, was terrible; it told worst upon those troops which had not been long with the army in their retreat. On December 4 the division of General Gratien, twelve thousand strong, quitted Wilna to support the main army in its retreat. On the night of the 6th the cold was more than usually severe. The transition of this corps from hot barracks to the extreme cold of the bivouac on the snow caused nearly all of them to die. In the same manner two hundred Neapolitan cavalry, the body-guard of Murat, who had also just joined the army from Wilna, all died the first night they passed on the snow.

As an illustration of the effect of these scenes upon individuals, Marbot states that one of the most vigorous and bravest officers of his own regiment was so dismayed by what he saw that he laid himself down on the snow, and that nothing could persuade him to get up again. He died there. Many men of all ranks shot themselves, so as to put an end to their sufferings. After passing the Bérésina, Marbot dismounted his men, and forming sleighs, harnessed the horses to them, and carried his men with greater safety and comfort to them in this way. The route was covered with muskets, thrown away by strag-

glers, and each of his chasseurs provided himself with a couple, and with ample supplies of cartouches. Finally, the Niemen was crossed on December 13; Russian soil was quitted, and the dangers of the army from the enemy were at an end.

Henceforward the chief danger was from Polish robbers disguised as Cossacks. Marbot says that after crossing the Niemen and finding quarters in Polish villages, the transition from the open bivouac to hot rooms was the cause of general illness to the army, and that many officers, among them two generals, succumbed to this, after passing safely through all the previous dangers of the retreat.

There could not be better evidence of the care Marbot took of his regiment than the statistics he gives of it. Of the 1050 men who had entered on the campaign, 693 were still in the ranks at the close of it, well mounted, and fit to carry arms; 109 had been killed, 77 had been taken prisoners, and the remainder were *hors de combat* through wounds or disease, or were missing. He thinks the total losses of the French army have been somewhat over-estimated. The actual number of soldiers who originally entered Russia was three hundred and twenty-five thousand; of these one hundred and fifty-five thousand only were natives of France, the remainder were foreigners in alliance with France, Bavarians, Saxons, Italians, Swiss, and Poles. Sixty thousand Frenchmen, he says, recrossed the Niemen, and thirty thousand who were made prisoners in Russia, returned home after 1814; sixty-five thousand therefore were killed in battle or died of wounds or disease. Of the one hundred and seventy thousand allies, the great mass deserted, or allowed themselves to be made prisoners. He further adds that in the various battles in Russia nearly one hundred thousand prisoners were taken by the French, but that not a single one of them was sent across the frontier; they all succeeded in escaping, and many of them rejoined the Russian armies and fought again.

On his return to France after this disastrous retreat, Marbot was employed without delay in reorganizing a cavalry brigade for a new campaign. He testifies to the extraordinary exertions made by the authorities to fill the ranks. Never had recruiting produced stronger and better soldiers. The last reserves of France, however, were drawn upon for this purpose. Men who had paid for substitutes in former conscriptions were now, in

gross breach of faith, compelled to join the army. The prefects in every department were deprived of their guards. As a result, Napoleon was able to bring into line for the campaign of Leipsic a formidable army.

Marbot again took his part in this war with his cavalry regiment, and so distinguished himself that the emperor accumulated honors upon him. Hitherto promotion had come to him slowly, and he had often been disappointed. Promises had been forgotten; other claims had by strange mischances been preferred to his. On one occasion his brother, serving on the same staff, was promoted by mistake for him. He was now created a baron, with a handsome dotation, and an officer of the Legion of Honor, which also entitled him to a pension.

The campaign, it need not be said, was a succession of disasters to the emperor. Everything went against him. Marbot says that the troops were seldom well led, except when Napoleon directed in person. He left too much to the discretion of his marshals, and they were more bent on thinking each of himself, and hoping to have his own Austerlitz, than of the general interest of the army. Saint-Cyr and Mortier refused to march to the relief of Vaudamme at the battle of Kulm. There resulted a defeat with great loss. "They should," Marbot says, "have been tried by court-martial; but," he adds, "the army was at such a point of exhaustion that if the emperor had wished to punish all those who were wanting in zeal, he would have had to dispense with the services of all the marshals." Each of the marshals was separately defeated; Oudinot at Gross Beeren, Macdonald at Katzbach, Ney at Zutterbach; and lastly came the crowning disaster of Leipsic under the emperor himself. Defeat was hastened by the defection of the Saxons, who crossed sides in the middle of the battle; Bernadotte received them into his ranks, and turned their artillery against the French. Of this battle Marbot mentions a curious fact, that the Russians brought into the field myriads of Baskir Tartars, armed only with bows and arrows. They advanced in such loose order that they could not shoot straight in front of them, lest they should kill their own men. They fired their arrows into the air in such a manner that they might fall upon the heads of the enemy. Thus directed, the arrows had very little force, and did scarcely any harm. Marbot himself was slightly wounded by one of them, four feet

in length, which entered his flesh to a depth of half an inch. It is unnecessary to refer further to this disastrous battle, to the retreat of Napoleon, and to the premature blowing up of the bridge over the Elster, which resulted in forty thousand men, including the corps of Macdonald, Lauriston, and Regnier, being cut off, and being either killed in the city of Leipsic, or made prisoners. Marbot's regiment fortunately did not share their fate; it covered the retreat of what remained of the French army, and at Hanau it made five charges on the pursuing enemy, and suffered very great loss. Marbot only escaped being killed by the blowing up of a caisson through the cleverness of his horse. This is practically the last matter of interest in the book. His experience at Waterloo is given in a few short letters, of no great value.

The last of these volumes is melancholy reading compared with the first two. In the earlier period, Napoleon's star was nearly everywhere in the ascendant; the narrative is inspired by the same *elan* which animated the army, its generals, and their staff. The French officers are seen at their best; their devotion to the service, their readiness to encounter death at the command of their chiefs, their love of glory, their lightness of heart are conspicuous in every page. Later came the period of reverse; the disastrous campaign in Spain, the retreat from Russia, the defeats of Leipsic and Waterloo. Just as the earlier narrative insensibly conveys the spirit of enthusiasm and victory, so the later part gives in every page the impression of disorganization, demoralization, and coming disaster and defeat. The causes of this are everywhere apparent in the exhaustion of France, caused by the continuous drain of its best men, the physical inferiority of the conscripts of later years, the greater use by Napoleon of foreigners pressed into the service, caring nothing for the traditions of the army, or for the cause for which they fought. Death and disease also told upon the officers. It is clear that, by an inverse process to that of the survival of the fittest, the best officers were continually being sacrificed by the demands made upon them, and by their reckless heroism in courting death, by way of example to the troops. This process could not go on for twenty years without producing an effect in reducing the average quality of those who survived. The marshals also in the later period exhibited themselves in a very bad light. In addition to the

cases already referred to, there are a multitude of others, showing how they sacrificed the interests of the army and of France to their miserable personal jealousies. They would not recognize any right of seniority among their ranks. None would serve under any other, however grave the crisis. In the retreat from Moscow, Junot would not come to the aid of Ney, near Smolensk; had he done so, the pursuing army would have been destroyed, and the French army saved. Later, Saint-Cyr refused to serve under Victor; and when Oudinot retook command of the Second Corps, Victor, rather than be under his command, separated from him with his men.

Even earlier than this such differences had begun to show themselves, and Marbot describes a deplorable scene between Lannes and Bessières on the field of battle of Essling. In Spain, at the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro, a brilliant manœuvre of Masséna failed through the abstention of Bessières. At a critical period of the battle Masséna sent word to General Lépici to charge with the reserves, but the brave general, biting the blade of his sword in despair, replied that he had been strictly forbidden by Bessières to engage without orders direct from himself. Bessières could not be found. He had wandered alone from the field of battle and when he returned it was too late.

Compared with his marshals, the emperor everywhere, in these volumes, appears in a good light. Marbot does not, indeed, spare him, and on several occasions points out the mistakes he made, and the errors and perfidies of his policy. He intimates that it would have been well for France if Napoleon had died of his wound at Ratisbon. But incidentally many traits are referred to in the narrative which suggest a more favorable view of his personal character than has resulted from recent memoirs of other contemporaries. His immeasurable superiority to the marshals in time of battle, in his presence of mind and infinite resources at critical moments, in his knowledge of the temper of his soldiers and his power to raise their *morale* by appeals to their ardor, is everywhere conspicuous. A good illustration of the last is given by Marbot in his account of the battle of Essling. The colonel of a regiment had been killed, and the men had been repulsed from a most important position, leaving his body in the hands of the enemy. The

emperor coming up at that moment, and perceiving the necessity of recovering the lost ground, asked the regiment where their colonel was. Some soldiers replied that he had just been killed. "I do not ask," said Napoleon, "whether he is dead, but where he is." A timid voice replied that he had been left behind in the village. "Do you mean, soldiers, that you have allowed the body of your colonel to remain in the hands of the enemy? Know that a brave regiment ought always to be able to show its eagle and its colonel—dead or alive. You have left your colonel alone in that village yonder. Go and seek him." The major, catching the thought of Napoleon, exclaimed: "Yes, we are dishonored if we do not recover our colonel." Thus inspired, the regiment made another and successful charge.

These memoirs also show in many an incident how exacting Napoleon was of the services of those under his command, requiring from them, as a matter of duty, the very utmost, without regard for their lives, and often without the slightest acknowledgment. A good illustration of this is given by Marbot at the battle of Landschut. Napoleon attacked the Austrians across a bridge. Twice his infantry were repulsed with slaughter. On the third attack, perceiving General Mouton, he said: "You come, general, at an opportune moment. Put yourself at the head of the column and carry the town." Such a perilous mission, given at a moment's notice, might have dismayed any man less intrepid than General Mouton. Dismounting his horse, and putting himself at the head of the column of grenadiers, the general, without showing any emotion, advanced at their head across the bridge, made the charge, stormed the town and took it, and then returned to Napoleon's side. "*Chose bizarre*," says Marbot; "in the conversation that ensued not a word was said respecting the feat just performed, and never did the emperor refer to it again."

Of an opposite character is a happy phrase of the emperor, which may well serve as a conclusion to a review of this most interesting work. Returning from Spain, after having been severely wounded, Marbot had an interview with the emperor, who questioned him about his wounds. "How many does this make?" he said. "Eight, sire," replied Marbot. "They will be your eight quarterings of nobility."

G. SHAW-LEFEVRE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

PEARLIN' JEAN.

CHAPTER I.

"It is the wished, the trysted hour.
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor."

WITHOUT, the sun, just risen, fired the sky above with splendor, and spread a dazzling path of glory over the sea.

Within, the lamps flared and flickered, and the very rafters of the cottage dirled to the merry sound of the fiddle, and the rapid rhythmic tread of the reel. Faster and faster flew the bow; but the dancers were untrining, and at last, with a *hoolichan* more wildly shouted than any before, the revel ended in a tumult of mirth and laughter, as the weary fiddler owned himself outdone.

"That's you, John Scott!"

"Weel played, Jockie!"

"I thoct we wad dance ye doon, man."

"Diinna stop; tak' ten minutes' law and anither chance, Jock!" cried the dancers, loath to cease. But the bridegroom's father, a hale and hearty old grey-head, who had acted as master of ceremonies all night, interfered with good-humored authority: "Na, na, bairns, there's a time to a'thing; Mistress Soutar here'll gie us a cup o' tea, and then hame wi' ye a'!"

The bride, smiling in response to her unaccustomed title, set to work, aided by the matrons of the party, to fill again the big teapots which had been in frequent demand all night. "Gie's a sang some o' ye," she remarked, "or it's ready."

"I hae nae voice left," "Eh, dinna ask me." "I hae screeched mysel' hoarse," said one and another by way of excuse.

"Where's Robin? gar him sing," "Ay, Rob's the lad. Tune up yer pipes, Rob!" But where was Robin? Out in the garden.

When the last wild reel ended, Robin and his partner escaped, unobserved, from the rest of the bridal party who thronged the little one-roomed house. Robin was exultant; for was not Jean Silva fairest of the fair maids gathered to grace his brother's wedding — and as bridesmaid next to the bride in request as a partner? and yet, from chance or choice, she had danced oftener with him than with any one else. She had listened not unkindly to his ardent if somewhat awkward compliments; and now she had stolen away with him from the throng of merry-makers, and was therefore no doubt willing to listen to the outpourings of his love.

The tiny patch of garden in which the
LIVING AGE. VOL. LXXVII. 3962

cottage stood had been reclaimed from the bent-grown sea-links; and a short path led between dewy-leaved cabbages and dwarf berry-bushes to a low gate and a few rude steps giving access to the beach.

The unbroken stillness and freshness of the morning laid at first a spell of silence on the lovers. Jean drew a long breath of cool air, and then, shading her eyes from the glitter and radiance of the level sunlight, sauntered down the path to the gate, Robin at her side. She was a tall, strikingly handsome girl of eighteen, superior in manner and appearance to her companions, with wonderful dark eyes and hair, and a clear, pale complexion, now flushed to an unusual, and, as her lover thought, enchanting degree. He could not take his eyes off her beautiful face. As they stood, a little breeze blew a tress of her already ruffled hair before her eyes. By a sudden impulse Robin smoothed it back with trembling fingers. Jean turned to meet his gaze. "Well?" she asked, smiling, and then he gathered courage and told his tale of love.

But not uninterrupted, for before he had won a word from her in response, the cottage door was opened, and one of those half-grown lads who hang on the skirts of most entertainments, embarrassingly anxious to be useful, appeared in search of him.

"Here he is!" he shouted. "Come awa', Robin; they want you to gie them a sang."

"Let them want," said Robin impatiently; "I'm no' comin'."

"I'll gar them come oot, then," suggested the imp. "It's fine oot-bye," he continued, returning to the company. "Robin says he'll no' sing unless ye come oot." And out they all trooped accordingly into the little garden — clamorous for just one more song from their favorite singer.

"Weel, what is't ye want, then?" said Robin, good-naturedly acquiescing in the inevitable (all the more willingly because he had found time to tell Jean that he must see her home, and she had not said him nay). "Ye ken a'my sangs — what are ye for?"

"Gie us what ye like," was the answer.

Robin thought a moment. "Div ye ken 'Oh gin I were a baron's heir'?" he asked Jean, with an air of mingled shyness and understanding, not lost upon his old father, who was watching them as they sat together among the other wedding-guests, who were grouped about the steps and the low wall of the garden.

"Sing it," said Jean, with easy imperiousness; and he sang, watching her face all the time for some emotion answering to that which made his voice almost tremble as he threw his heart into the words —

O gin I were a baron's heir,
An' could I braid wi' gems your hair,
An' mak' ye braw as ye are fair,
Lassie, wad ye lo'e me?

Yes, thought Jean, *that* would be love worth having; but what was the use of all these fine words, when he couldn't do any of the things he sang about — when he was only a poor under-gardener? She scarcely heard the next verse; but now Robin's voice was so soft and tender she listened again: —

But I hae nought to offer thee,
Nae gowd frae mine, nae pearl frae sea,
Nor am I come o' high degree,
Lassie, but I lo'e ye!

An' when the braw moon glistens o'er
Oor wee bit bield on heathery moor,
Wad ye no greet that ye're sae puir,
Lassie, though I lo'ed ye?

His tone compelled her to look up, and slight as her capacity of affection was compared to his, no woman could be so wooed and remain untouched. In the glance that met his, Robin read and not untruly that in her way she loved him.

"Wha's for a cup o' tea noo?" called the bride from the cottage, where the lamps had been extinguished, the shutters opened, and the room hastily put in order. Jock Scott, the fiddler, was already seated making a meal, "a' the breakfast he would see," as he explained, before setting off on a six miles' tramp to his day's work. Yawning and sleepy, now that the excitement of the night's festivity had spent itself, most of the company flocked in to join him, while, bidding farewell to her old schoolfellow the bride, who was so occupied with the duties of hospitality as scarcely to notice her, Jean took her way home from the Ferry to Elie, escorted by Robin.

Again, and sure of his opportunity, as alone they crossed the shining stretches of sand left bare by the sea, he urged his suit. And Jean, whose heart had been half won already, could no longer withstand his urgent pleadings. "Yes," she admitted, "she loved him; she would marry him — some day, but not yet — and he must tell no one."

Robin, in a rapture of delight, was ready to promise silence; indeed his happiness was too sacred and heartfelt to make comment and criticism tolerable as yet. Jean

loved him, that was enough; and pacing slowly the length of the silent street in which she lived, they plighted troth, and kissed each other, loath to part.

Footsteps, quickly nearing, cut short their farewells. Jean opened the unlocked door of her father's house and was gone, while Robin turned homewards whistling to appear at his ease, as he met the new-comer. It was his mother's cousin, old Katie Scott the fishwife, and chief news-monger of the village, starting on her rounds. It was just as well she had not seen him walking with Jean, thought the simple fellow to himself.

"He's ta'en that lassie hame frae the wedding," surmised the old woman as they exchanged a passing greeting. "Aweel, aweel, he'll no' hae his sorrow to seek."

CHAPTER II.

"Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting." — *As You Like It*.

THE westerling sun, shining through the deep-set windows of the Shore House drawing-room touched with red gold the white panelled walls, sparkled dimly among the twisted leaves and jewelled flowers of an old Venetian mirror above the fireplace, lit up with transient expression the simpering smile of one pictured lady, explored curiously the network of cracks in the stern visage of another, and touched with its furthest rays the dainty lace cap and the soft grey hair of Miss Susan Dundas as she sat quietly knitting by the fire.

Straying lower, the sunbeams kissed the faint roses of her cheeks so persuasively that, laying aside her work, she was fain to go out and enjoy the lingering beauty of the summer evening, when certain wheezy preparations for striking on the part of the old clock in the next room, seconded by an approaching sound of footsteps, changed her intention.

"Well, David, you did not go out with the minister after all?" she said cheerily, rising to greet her brother as he entered, and shifting the position of his favorite chair a little, that he might sit, as he preferred, with his back to the light.

Captain David Dundas, "the captain," as he was generally called in Elie, seated himself slowly, resigned to his sister's ready hand the stick he usually walked with, leant back in his chair, resting one elbow on the arm, while with his thin hand he still further shaded his eyes from the light, and then answered her. "He

was going further than I had thought, and as he seemed in haste, he was better without me."

"Perhaps," she said cheerily; "but he would have been glad of your company, David; he aye likes a crack."

The brother and sister contrasted strangely. Miss Susan, although much the older, was so alert and active in her movements — there was such a bright readiness in her speech and manner, and in her pleasant face — that it was difficult to believe in the twenty years of difference between their ages.

Hard foreign service in the navy from his boyhood, until five years ago he had been invalidated home, and the irrecoverable effects of sunstroke and fever, had prematurely wrecked his energies, both bodily and mental; so that when these two, the solitary survivors of a large and happy household, met again, Miss Susan scarcely recognized her brother.

Never had sick man a more kind and skilful nurse, and when he had regained such a measure of strength as he was likely to reach, and had not, as was evident, regained that clearness of mind, the ready wit, the conversational power, that had marked all her recollections of his early days, and had made the arrival of Davie's letters pleasant epochs in the family life of old; with tender, sisterly enthusiasm she devoted herself to the difficult task of cheering and interesting, soothing or stimulating, as might be required, his enfeebled and stricken mind.

With indignant scorn she had repudiated the doctor's suggestion, that a care so exhausting and unceasing should be deputed to, or even shared by, any hired assistant. Any one might be proud, she declared, to be in her place, to be a solace and companion to one who had done and suffered so bravely for his country. If she had risked her life and nearly died of sunstroke, instead of living in selfish comfort all her days, would David have wearied in taking care of her? she asked. Dr. Fleming thought it highly probable, but did not say so; like most men, he felt unequal to the light skirmishing an argument with women requires. He therefore dropped the subject, and contented himself by aiding her ministrations to the best of his ability.

No one, except herself, would have dreamt of describing Miss Dundas's life hitherto as one of selfish comfort. At the beck and call of any one among her large circle of friends who needed her, Cousin Susan's sweet face, angelic in its look of

perfect self-forgetfulness and quick sympathy, brought sunshine in trouble, and comfort in sadness, wherever she went. So that now, indeed, when almost all her time was perforce occupied in attendance upon her invalid brother, those who had hitherto made large demands on her help and companionship grumbled loudly, and considered themselves ill-used. The children had all got through measles now, and ought to have a few weeks' change of air, if only Cousin Susan had been free to go with them! or the girls wanted to go to Edinburgh for a few weeks' gaiety — what a pity Cousin Susan couldn't come and look after their cross and gouty father to let them go! — and so on. But Susan, who would have sacrificed herself with delight, could not interfere with David's comfort, and was therefore not to be tempted by the undoubted attractions of these and similar invitations.

David was her only thought. When his often vague and wandering attention seemed engrossed by anything of public interest, she led the doctor or the minister (their only frequent visitors) to discuss it again and again. Or, as they sat alone she would draw him on to tell stories of his fighting days, listening with unfeigned pride to his modest narrative; and as he warmed over these recollections, and his usually uncertain and slow speech regained something of its old clearness and force, she rejoiced and hoped, with the eagerness of love, that the cloud was at last to disperse that had so long obscured his mind. Too often her hopes were crushed by those painful signs of his malady, which had become so sadly familiar — the sudden pause in his voice, the few disconnected words that followed, as pressing his hand to his head to recall the memory that had so treacherously failed him, he looked to his sister in a distressed appeal for help. With a tact as ready and delicate as if she were screening him from public humiliation, instead of from his own vague self-consciousness, she on these occasions would supply the missing thought or suggest some other topic, and use every endeavor to banish from his face the sadness apt to settle there.

Of late her brother's mental powers had appeared decidedly stronger, and Miss Susan's hopes of his recovery, so often disappointed, had again revived.

"It is such a fine evening," she remarked, as her little white-capped maid, having arranged the tea-table, left the room. "After tea, we might go out together. I am not such a walker as the

minister; I believe, when you get quite strong, you will easily tire me out."

"It is too cold," he replied, watching her as she perched the kettle on the fire, which burned summer and winter alike for his benefit, and gave her an excuse for making his tea herself.

"Cold, David! I wonder at you old Indians," she rejoined briskly. "I suppose you'll tell me next we have had no fine days this summer."

"No warm ones," he said, smiling.

"Well, well," said Miss Susan, "you can't say they were not fine to look at. I am sure many a day, sitting here and looking out, I might have thought myself becalmed in the Indian Ocean." The figure was a just one, for from the drawing-room hearth, the outward view was of the sea and the sea alone. It was only when you stood in the window recesses that you perceived below you the little weather-beaten garden in which the Shore House stood, and the strong rampart of masonry that kept back the encroaching sea. "Not but that I can imagine myself in the Bay of Biscay sometimes," she added, smiling, as she placed her brother's teacup beside him, and supplied his wants. He accepted her ministrations silently as usual; and it was only when he lifted his cup once or twice, and replaced it absently without tasting its contents, that she guessed he was trying to collect his thoughts in reference to something he wished to say. She tried one or two leading questions on what she thought likely topics, but without success, and then waited in silence. At last the words came:—

"Susan, don't you think it is time I was getting married?"

Never in her life had Susan Dundas been so thoroughly astonished.

"Are you thinking of it, David?" she said, after a perceptible pause.

Her surprise impressed him painfully.

"Why do you wonder?" he asked, in a hurt tone. "Do you mean, do you think, no one would care to have me?"

In her remorse for having wounded him, she hastened to banish such a painful idea. "How can you suppose that?" she cried; "you know that any woman might well be proud if you asked her, a Dundas, and a brave sailor, and your own dear, clever self, Davie."

But his misgivings were not at once allayed.

"The idea seemed strange to you," he repeated, in a somewhat injured tone.

"Only because it was so new," she rejoined earnestly. "Why, I should expect

you to be much more astonished, if I suddenly announced I was going to be married."

"Of course, because you are so much older than I am," he replied.

The seriousness of his tone struck her with increasing dismay. His ambition was natural, perhaps, but so out of the question. Poor David!

"Yes, indeed," she said brightly; "I might be your mother, though I am always forgetting it. But you see I am a selfish old woman, Davie, and I want you always for myself."

"You could live with us," he pursued steadily. "I am sure my wife would not object."

His sister's heart altogether misgave her. "That is looking a long way ahead," she answered, in a tremulous tone. "We shall have to find the wife first, and ask her—don't you think?"

"I have found her," he said slowly, after a little pause. "My mind is quite made up."

Miss Susan's mystification was complete. In all these years since his return from India her brother had never, she knew, exchanged half-a-dozen words with any of the marriageable women of their large cousinhood and connection. Of whom, then, could he be thinking? For a moment it occurred to her that the whole idea might be some hallucination, proceeding from an affection of the brain, such as the doctors had warned her might supervene. But David was looking at her with a clearer intelligence, a steadier purpose in his eyes, than she had seen there for long.

"She is very handsome," he said; "there is no one like her in the place."

"Do you mean," asked his sister incredulously, "some one in Elie?"

"Yes."

"Who is it?" she inquired.

"It is Dan Silva, the coast-guard'sman's, daughter Jean."

"Have you asked *her* to marry you?" exclaimed his sister, scarcely believing her ears.

"No; not yet. I was thinking," he added, "it would be better if you spoke to them, Susan, and settled it."

"Me!" she cried, with a little gasp of dismay. "Well," she added, seeing the troubled look she dreaded on his face, "we can talk about it another time, David—can't we? Perhaps you may change your mind."

He contented himself with an emphatic negative; and just then, to his sister's

relief, Dr. Fleming came in. His visits were now more social than medical. When she had, in spite of his remonstrances, made a fresh cup of tea for him, and he was fairly launched in a story which seemed to interest her brother, Miss Susan said she must have a breath of fresh air before she went to bed, and left them.

The sun had set, the sea and sky were darkening, and a chill night breeze blew in her face as, wrapped in a warm shawl, she paced round the little garden; and then leaning on the old sea-wall, watched with scarce-seeing eyes the far-distant recurring flashes of the light on Inchkeith, and pondered long and gravely over the possible results of the strange conversation just ended.

CHAPTER III.

"O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing!
And wae on the love that is fixed on a mailen!"
BURNS.

THAT which had in August seemed wildly improbable, by October became an accepted certainty; so that her brother's visits to Dan Silva's house to prosecute his wooing were to Miss Susan a natural part of the day's routine.

Every objection she had raised to his project had been set aside. The disparity in their ages was by no means unparalleled. That this was a *mésalliance* for one of his name and standing, the captain stoutly denied; and he quoted the common belief that Dan Silva was lineally descended from a Spanish Don Silva, whose ship—one of the far-scattered Armada—had been wrecked in the bay. No mere tradition, he maintained; for did not timbers taken from the wreck still roof the old schoolhouse in the Ferry?

What though the don's descendants in the interval had become poor and lived obscurely? In Scotland poverty and gentle birth were not uncommonly found together. Miss Susan had always regarded the Armada story as a local tradition, more picturesque than true; but she had to admit that there was no proof against her brother's arguments. Mrs. Silva, a smooth-spoken Englishwoman, whom Dan had married and brought home to his native place when he was pensioned off, was fully alive to her prospective advantages as "the captain's" mother-in-law, and proved only too ready to further the match. Dan himself had at first shown what Miss Susan felt was a proper modesty in the matter. It appeared to his well-disci-

plined mind a breach of regulations that a commander should marry the daughter of a petty officer. But his wife ruled him; and after the immediate surprise was over, he took the affair as a matter of course.

In Jean herself had been Miss Susan's strongest hope. Surely Jean would never agree, surely she would laugh at the captain's proposals; and although she winced at the thought that her brother should expose himself to the scorn of a foolish young girl, the old lady shrewdly judged that in the circumstances nothing better could happen, as far as he was concerned. But Jean consented readily! and now there was no hope left. To her gentle suggestions that he should not take such a step without further consideration, and that, in the matter of age alone, Jean must prove an unsuitable wife for him, David turned a deaf ear, and showed a strange, increasing conviction that all her objections rose from motives of personal jealousy. Generously eager to disabuse his mind of this idea, Miss Susan relinquished the useless task of fighting against fate, and set herself to make the best of things. Jean was her chief study at this crisis. It was not difficult for Miss Susan, whose charity was naturally of the kind that believes and hopes all things, to believe that a genuine affection had prompted her acceptance of the captain. David was not an old man—only forty-five. The beauty of his youth neither the scar of his wound nor stress of weather had altogether effaced; and his air of good-breeding and courteous manners might well, his sister thought, captivate one for whom they must have the added charm of novelty. But did Jean really comprehend the necessarily quiet life before her? the monotony, the strain of constantly acting as a companion to an invalid who could never be quite strong and active again—in mind at least? Miss Susan tried to realize all the trials of such a life for the young girl, as she had never thought of estimating them for herself, and came to the conclusion that Jean must be warned.

Warnings seemed quite unnecessary, however. Yes; Jean understood the captain could not stand worry or excitement; she would remember that. Did Miss Susan think she read well enough to read aloud to him sometimes? Was there anything she could be learning to cook for him? She was accustomed to live quietly at home, she would have sewing and knitting to occupy her, and the house to keep

in order. All this, the anxious old lady had to admit to herself, sounded very sedate and reasonable. Then her dress was neat and in good taste, her manners gentle, her speech — "clippit" English, as the neighbors scornfully called it — seldom lapsed into the common dialect, never when she was with the captain or his sister. In short, there was little fault to find with the girl, who showed no overweening eagerness for the promotion before her, and yet seemed quite prepared to assume with ease, when the time came, the position of a lady.

As by degrees she took her more into confidence, and mentioned to her one item after another of household management that should be kept in view (for Miss Susan had made up her mind, for a time at least, to leave the Shore House after her brother's marriage), she wished she could feel more cordially towards the girl. Jean was too staid, too quiet. A little demonstration of eagerness, hesitation, affection, of anything, the elder woman felt, would be welcome; and yet, and yet, she said to herself, with a stifled sigh, the fault, if any, was really on the right side.

Public opinion was by no means so charitable as Miss Susan's — endless was the gossip and comment provoked by the news. Of course no one credited for a moment the simple truth, that the captain himself had initiated the scheme. Mrs. Silva came in for an unmerited amount of censure. "She was an upsetting body," old Katie Scott declared, "to fling the lass at the captain's heid that gait." Some thought Jean would weary of her mercenary marriage, others thought the captain would be the first to repent his choice, and all were unanimous in prophesying that of so unconventional a union no good could come.

Jean was not popular among her older neighbors — she was half English to begin with, and her beauty, though unquestionable, was of a foreign order, and therefore subject to criticism. "She's yin that wad sit in silks and satins frae morn till night, horn idle, if she had her way," "She'll sit glowrin' frae her wi' thae big een o' hers as lang as ye please." "It's easy seen whae does a' the wark o' that hoose," they would add, in grudging admission of Mrs. Silva's activity; "but, pity me! she hasna bred the lassie to pit her hand to a thing. Weel, some folk are born to eat wi' siller spunes, say what ye like!"

"The lassie's clean eaten up wi' pride

and vanity," was old Katie's severe judgment; "she's for the man that'll mak' a leddy o' her, an' gie her plenishin's an' pearlin's aneuch."

And this, harsh as it sounded, was far nearer the truth than Miss Susan's amiable ascription of romance to Jean. To be loved was pleasant; but to be comfortable and at ease, to wear beautiful clothes, and live in a nice house, and have no lack of money — these were more than pleasant only, they were, she felt, indispensable to happiness. She would, of course, do her duty as the captain's wife. She fully intended to be good and kind to him; and at this stage her thoughts would resolve themselves into mental pictures of herself in the future, sitting in that pretty drawing-room, beautifully dressed, and wearing rings and perhaps bracelets. And when she wanted anything she would just touch the bell, as she had seen Miss Susan do, and her servant (how luxurious it sounded!) would bring in coals, or the lamp, or whatever it was, and she would have no trouble at all. Sometimes, wonderfully seldom, the thought of Robin Soutar crossed her mind. He had gone back to his situation in Perthshire at the end of the short holiday allowed him for his brother's marriage, and Jean had not seen him since. He had not written to her, that being to him a very stiff and unnatural means of communication; but he had told her he would have probably a few days at home in November, when they would meet again. Once they were parted, Jean's love for him had cooled very quickly. If she recalled the night of the wedding-party, it was merely to reflect how very much finer her wedding would be, and what a much better house she would have than that little one-roomed cottage Aleck Soutar and his bride were so proud of. What an escape she had had! if she had married Robin she would have been poor and miserable all her days.

Sometimes, when she remembered the love in his eyes and voice, which had so thrilled her at the time, she had an uncomfortable misgiving that he would be very angry with her for giving him up. But then no one knew of her promise to him, so she had a right to change her mind — and he could easily find some one else.

Of such a love as kept Robin awake at night, thinking of her — as made him dreamy and absent-minded in his work, while he tried to picture her face, and to recall to himself the sound of her voice —

which made a future to be shared with her so enchanting, so wonderful, so dear a prospect as it was to him, — of all this she was quite incapable.

CHAPTER IV.

"'Was' is not 'is.'" — *As You Like It.*

ONE evening, shortly before the wedding, Miss Susan gave, at her brother's request, the nearest approach to a party that the Shore House had witnessed for years. The guests were few in number; only Dr. Fleming and the minister, Mr. Blair, with his sister, being asked to meet Jean and her parents. Captain Dundas, who had been unusually well of late, talked in a lively fashion while tea was in progress; and when the company adjourned to the drawing-room, he opened the seldom touched piano, and offered to sing if his sister would accompany him. Charmed to see him so bright and happy, Miss Susan got out a pile of music, and as she searched for some of his old songs, reflected with satisfaction that she had done right in withdrawing her opposition to the engagement. It was delightful to see his happiness.

But as among the music they came upon one old song after another that recalled his youth, and the vanished home circle, "How different then and now!" she thought, as she glanced at the fireside round which the family used to gather long ago to listen to Davie's songs. Now, all the familiar faces were gone — only she and her brother left, and both so changed by time — and there, in her mother's chair, Mrs. Silva was seated, an unfamiliar, smartly dressed, uneasy presence, exchanging occasional "company" speeches with the old doctor, who sat cudgelling his brains for something to say. On the other side of the fire, the minister's sister — a prim and elderly figure, in a well-worn black silk dress, adorned with scanty and presumably priceless scraps of old lace — sat eying Jean with a grim and critical air. The minister himself was unblushingly reading the last *Times*, which he had no opportunity of seeing, except at the Shore House. Jean sat in a tall *prie-dieu* chair, her head resting, with the grace inseparable from all her attitudes, against its high back, covered with faded embroidery. Her face looked pale even in the flickering firelight, and her great dark eyes were fixed dreamily on the mirror above the fireplace, in which the group near the piano were reflected. As Miss Susan glanced from one to

another, with a chilly sense of the inharmoniousness of the gathering, David selected his song, and she sat down to play. He sang it with all the mannerism of its period, and with fair success. "Bravo!" cried the doctor, as he ended. "Now, sir, we can't let you off, we must have another. What shall it be, hey?"

"Here is one with a picture something like you, Jean," said the captain, pleased with his achievement. "'Juanita,' I used to sing that once."

"It is something like Jean," remarked Miss Susan, as he handed her the song; "a regular Spanish *señorita*; fan, mantilla, and all the rest of it."

"I would like to see you in your national costume," said the captain gallantly, turning to Jean, as his sister played the preliminary bars of music. (The ancestral Don Silva was so real to him now, that in letters written to one or two naval friends, announcing his engagement, he had invariably described his bride as a young lady of Spanish origin.) Miss Blair overheard his little speech, and the corners of her mouth went down in a significantly scornful fashion. "Nita, Juanita," sang the lover, in his old-fashioned bravura style; "let me linger by thy side!" "The man's a fool," she thought to herself, with increasing scorn; and happening just then to meet the eyes of Dan Silva, who sat uncomfortably apart in one of the windows, she threw into her glance such a world of contempt for his insufferable pretensions to ancestry, that the poor man spent the remainder of the evening in vain conjectures as to what solecism he had committed. The song ended, David repeated his wish —

"I wish we could see our Spanish lady in costume. By the by, Susan, haven't you a box of old fancy dresses somewhere? Have 'em down, and see if you can't rig her out in character." His sister hesitated for a moment; but she was anxious to please him in every way, and the request was a very harmless one.

"I think I have something that would do," she said pleasantly. "We will have a little more music first, though. Miss Blair, won't you play something?"

Miss Blair's specialty was Scotch music, and the sweet, if somewhat thin-toned, old piano was soon vibrating under her emphatic touch.

"Capital, capital!" cried the doctor, a genuine enthusiast, coming up and clapping his hands to mark the time. Thus encouraged, the musician's zeal redoubled.

"It is always a pleasure to play for you,

doctor," she said graciously; and one air followed another in unbroken succession, until David despaired of a pause, and urged his sister, in a low tone, to go and find the mantilla.

"I am not quite sure where it is."

"Could I help you to find it?" said Jean suddenly, turning to them.

"She seems to fancy the idea," thought Miss Susan, noting her interested expression; "and no doubt it is rather a dull evening for her with no young folk to speak to." "Come and we'll have a search," she said kindly; and under cover of "The Reel of Tulloch," they left the room together.

The Shore House was as inconveniently planned as most old houses for modern comfort; the drawing-room had no access but through the dining-room, and as they passed through the latter apartment, they found the servants busy laying the table for supper, shortly to be served.

"Is there a light up-stairs, Janet?"

"No, ma'am."

"Bring me a hand-lamp, then. Or, stay, I will take this one; I shan't be more than a minute."

Jean followed her hostess up the winding stone staircase, and along the tapestried passage, to a pleasant, low-roofed bedroom, in which a bright fire was burning. "This is my room—nice and cosy, isn't it? but I have only come for my keys; the old dresses are up in the turret. It will be rather cold and gusty there to-night, I expect; however, I won't keep you long." But Jean was delighted to make further acquaintance with the house she looked forward to being mistress of, and accordingly Miss Dundas led the way, lamp in hand, up the steep and narrow stair to the turret-room, a tiny apartment, roofed and panelled with oak, like a ship's cabin. Here stood an ancient camphor-wood trunk, that looked as if it had journeyed by land and sea with more than one Dundas. Jean held the light, while Miss Susan found the key and opened the box. It was filled with a store of old-fashioned dresses, brocaded silks, embroidered satins and muslins, carved fans, richly colored scarfs, quaint gauze caps, laces, and ribbons. Jean uttered an exclamation of wonder. "Oh, what beautiful things! are they all yours?"

"Oh, no," said the old lady, smiling; "they are old family things—very old, some of them."

"Then," pursued Jean, hesitating yet eager, "will any of them be for me?"

"Why, what could you do with them?"

rejoined Miss Susan, amused and surprised. "You couldn't wear them, you know."

She had been turning over the contents of the chest as she spoke, and now drew out the black mantilla of which she had been in search.

"If you were a Spanish *señorita*, Jean, this is what you would wear always."

"That!" murmured Jean, greatly disappointed. She had hoped a rich crimson *crêpe*, or a white silk brocaded with roses, of which she had caught passing visions as Miss Susan turned them over, would prove to be the Spanish costume.

"And we must have a fan," continued Miss Susan. "There should be one with a bull-fight on it,—here it is. Now we shall see if David thinks you like the ladies of Lisbon. Come."

It was hard to have only a glimpse of all these beautiful things. Jean could not refrain from asking, as they carefully descended the ladder-like staircase, whether she might see them again.

"Of course," said the old lady kindly.

"I will leave the key with you, if you like; it might amuse you to look at them some day."

Jean, enchanted, began to express her thanks, when, as they reached the dining-room door, Janet met them.

"It's a man wanting to speak to you, mem, and to the——" *young lady* she would not say, so got out of the difficulty by a personal address to Jean—"and to you."

"What is his business?" asked Miss Susan, stopping short.

"He wouldn't say; but it was private and particular—an' he must see you. So I pit him in the dining-room or ye came down."

Miss Susan went into the room, followed by the wondering Jean. On the hearth awaiting them stood old Thomas Soutar, whom Miss Susan only knew by sight as a handloom-weaver in Earlsferry. She inquired his business; but before he spoke, Jean, white with sudden alarm, guessed that he came on his son's behalf. Anger with Robin for sending him, and overmastering fear that all the pleasant future she had planned for herself was to be snatched away on the eve of realization, filled her mind; she seemed to recognize as uttered already his words when he spoke.

"There is something here," he began slowly, "that's needing to be cleared up." He proceeded to draw a letter from his pocket, and unfolded it as he spoke. "My

son Aleck wrote to my other son Robin, that's away — it might be a week ago — an', telling his brother the news of the place, he mentioned that it was said the captain was shortly to marry Jean Silva here."

Miss Susan looked at Jean, who did not dare to meet her glance, but stood motionless, listening with sickening apprehension for what would follow."

"And to-day we had a letter from Robin. This is what he says: 'I suppose your story about the captain is a joke; Jean is promised to me.'"

"Jean!" cried Miss Susan in dismay.

"You can see it for yourself," said the old man, handing her the letter, and pointing to the place with his big, trembling finger. "I want to know the truth of it," he concluded, as Miss Susan glanced at the page and gave it back.

"Jean!" she repeated in a tone of distress, "what does it mean?"

There was a pause, in which Jean desperately reviewed her position. In the next room Miss Blair was still playing one Scotch air after another. If Robin's father would only go before she ceased! and then the captain need never know of his visit. Jean could beg Miss Susan not to tell any one; everything might still come right.

"Jean!" sounded Miss Susan's voice in her ears, "speak; what is the truth?"

There was no more time to parley, to plan. She dared not tell them, they would be so hard on her; she could not give up her happiness.

"It is not the truth," she said at last, looking the old man full in the face, her heart beating so hard she could hardly breathe. "Robin made a mistake."

He eyed her incredulously. The white dress she wore now was that she had worn at his elder son's wedding, and he remembered watching Robin's unmistakable devotion to her then, and the evident understanding between them.

Miss Susan stood looking from one to the other, and knew not what to think.

"Robin never tauld a lee yet," said his father proudly.

"It is a mistake," repeated Jean. "Once he did ask me; but we changed our minds. You wouldn't have me marry him if I didn't love him?"

"He says, 'Jean is promised to me,'" repeated the old man doggedly.

"But I am not! I am not!" cried Jean, resolved to free herself; "his saying it doesn't make it true, does it?" she appealed, turning to Miss Susan.

"No," she said in a doubtful tone; "but

if you have given him reason to think so, if he thought you loved him —"

"But I don't!" interrupted Jean vehemently. "Won't you believe me? — there is nothing, nothing between us; you won't force me to marry him?"

"It's been a sad mistake for him," said the old man, and to her intense relief he turned to go. "I ask your pardon, ma'am, for coming; but I thought you would see justice done."

"I am very sorry," said Miss Susan, greatly perplexed.

"There's nothing mair to be said," he continued, going to the door, "an' I'll say nae mair. Good-night, ma'am," and he left the room, taking no further notice of Jean.

She drew a long breath of relief; the worst danger was over.

Miss Susan looked at her with as searching a glance as her kind eyes were capable of. "This is very unfortunate," she said.

"Yes, I am so sorry; but you mustn't mind. You are not angry with me, are you?" and Jean looked deprecatingly at the old lady. "It wasn't my fault; I couldn't help his caring about me — I didn't want him to."

Just then came the final vibrating chords of the piano. Miss Blair's playing ceased amid a little chorus of applause.

"Come," said Miss Susan, "we must go in. It will be better not to say anything to David," and they re-entered the drawing-room together, Jean relieved beyond measure to find the storm-cloud which had so suddenly overcast her sky as rapidly dispelled, never, she trusted, to threaten her again.

CHAPTER V.

"If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shown."

BURNS.

THE remaining days until the marriage was accomplished passed off without any special incident to mark them; and although Miss Susan had been greatly disturbed in mind by the old weaver's visit, on taking counsel with herself long and anxiously, as she lay awake that night, she concluded that the affair must have been unduly exaggerated by this unknown young man and his family. She had no reason to doubt Jean's word that she was free of blame in the matter, and she was not justified in troubling her brother, or in consulting any of her kinsfolk. A dread, with which all who dare to act independently become familiar, shaped itself in her

mind. She could not call down upon herself the "I told you so's" of the various relatives who had expressed already their disapproval of David's unsuitable marriage. She, who had taken his part so devotedly, and shielded him from all the scathing comments and useless advice which the news of his engagement had evoked, had not courage to confide the doubts which arose now in her mind to any of these critics; and besides, it would be useless — David would only resent any interference. It was too late to resume the part of an objector now.

Her brother was in rather a dull and silent mood, an additional reason for not troubling him. When it became necessary to make arrangements for spending the honeymoon in Edinburgh, as had been planned, he hesitated, drew back, and finally declared it was impossible; he would be wretched away from home. Miss Susan went to consult Jean in this difficulty, and was touched by her readiness to fall in with the captain's wishes, and defer the journey until later. She would be quite pleased to come home quietly to the Shore House after the ceremony, she said. In truth, the one fear that filled her mind was that anything should occur to postpone the wedding, and then Robin might come himself to claim her, a far more difficult person to argue with than his old father. If she were safely married, then it would not matter; he might say what he liked.

Miss Susan, whose guileless mind saw nothing but unselfish affection in the young girl's ready consent to this alteration of their plans, kissed her gratefully, and went back to her brother with a sanguine confidence that what he must inevitably lose in her own familiar companionship would be fully compensated for in the docility and kindness of his young wife.

Captain Dundas, who had greatly enjoyed the novelty of his position as the accepted lover of a beautiful young girl, and who had at the same time never lacked the ready sympathy and forethought of the sister who had indeed been his guardian angel for the last five years, only now realized that he had practically made his choice between the two. When he met Susan's trunks being taken to her room to be packed, when the disappearance of her work-box and knitting-basket, her shabby, serviceable writing-portfolio and its auxiliary leather case (full to bursting with correspondence such as an affectionate old lady usually carries on), — when the

absence of these gave an inexplicably bare look to the cosy, pleasant drawing-room, the captain began to feel vaguely apprehensive. But when old Janet, who had thrown up her situation, by way of an emphatic though vain protest against his marriage, remorselessly insisted upon a thorough cleaning of the whole house before she left, then indeed he felt the skies were falling. There was no peace or quiet anywhere; and Susan, Susan who should have protected him and shielded him from this species of domestic east wind, aided and abetted the triumphant Janet.

"I'm very sorry; it is so uncomfortable for you, dear, I know; but it really must be done. If you and Jean had been going away even for a week, it might have been managed then; but as it is, we must make the most of our time now." And discordant clatterings in the kitchen were not stopped as heretofore when he complained, but only accounted for. "Janet, poor body, says she is anxious to leave everything in good order for the bride." Although here, had he known it, Miss Susan was tempering the wind for her shorn lamb, for Janet's speech had really been too caustic for repetition.

At last the day came — a dark and gloomy morning in November. Miss Susan drove with her brother to the little English church at Pittenweem, in which the marriage was to take place; doing her best on the way to cheer his mind, always liable to be depressed and bewildered in unwonted circumstances. The more delightful and companionable she was, the more, however, did her brother realize how much he would lose when she forsook him; and it was not until they took their places in church, and he saw his bride, beautiful beyond all his anticipations in her bridal dress, that he took heart of grace. With immense relief Miss Susan saw the nervous agitation she had so dreaded subside. The ceremony was accomplished without a *contretemps* of any sort. There was no opportunity after it for more than the briefest leave-taking between the brother and sister, for she was claimed by some cousins who had agreed to be present on condition that she would make her first visit to them, now that she was again a free woman. The captain drove away with his bride, her parents and the few other invited guests followed, and the handful of onlookers dispersed themselves to gossip at leisure over the event of the day.

Mrs. Silva had induced her husband to

spend what seemed to him an unnecessarily large portion of his savings on Jean's wedding outfit.

"She will make it up to us, Dan; you may look to that," said the sagacious woman. "Mrs. Captain Dundas will never see her parents want." And from her own experience as a lady's-maid, she had known very well all that Jean would require "to dress as a lady." If old Janet had been determined that the state of her pots and pans should do her credit in her successor's eyes, Mrs. Silva was no less zealous to justify herself in the completeness of her daughter's wardrobe. Jean found herself the mistress of more luxurious appointments than she had ever thought of possessing; and Mrs. Silva's fond and critical eyes saw with pride that her child looked "quite the lady" in her new array.

One evening, about a week after the marriage, Jean, absolutely at an end of all her resources in the way of occupation, sat by the fire opposite her husband, an unread book open on her knee. The captain, who was essentially methodical, had endeavored, as far as possible, to resume all the old habits so pleasantly familiar to him. It had been a custom with the brother and sister to occupy themselves in sociable silence during the long winter evenings, except when their chief cronies, the doctor or the minister, came in for a chat, or when Miss Susan beguiled him to play chess or backgammon. Jean was ignorant of both games; no caller had as yet ventured to intrude on the newly married pair; and the silence, and, to Jean, increasing monotony of their evenings, remained unbroken. Her love of reading extended to nothing graver than the style of fiction current in weekly newspapers; and the novels David supplied her with from his well-filled bookcases were not what she called novels at all. "Guy Mannering," the last she had tried, lay unheeded on her lap, as she watched the fire, and tried to think of something to do. David looked happy and contented, she thought, glancing at him; he seemed to be reading again that political speech he had read partly to her in the morning. How surprised he had been to find how little she understood of the question dealt with—how surprised she was that any one could be really interested in such things. As she mused in a desultory fashion, the old clock in the next room, with much preliminary wheezing and whirring, struck slowly. Only eight o'clock! "David," she said suddenly, "I think I will run

across and see father for a little; he was out when I went over this morning."

Her husband looked up surprised. "Tonight, my dear child! It is far too cold; and it is late; they won't expect you."

"Only eight o'clock," said Jean lightly; "I'll not be cold. I'll wrap myself up in your cloak, and there's no one to see me;" and without waiting for further objections, she was gone.

In the little hall outside the dining-room door hung the captain's thick Inverness cloak. Wrapping herself in it, and throwing a white scarf over her head, she ran down-stairs and out into the breezy starlight. A wind blew from the sea with the incoming tide. She could see the raced shorewards. It was by no means cold weather for November. The fresh dim whiteness of the big waves as they darkness was pleasant and exhilarating; she was loath to leave it at once for the hot gaslight of her father's little house across the street. Gathering the cloak round her, she turned down the foot-path towards the beach. She had almost reached the low gate in the sea-wall, from which a precipitous flight of steps led down to the rocks and tide-pools on the shore, when she was aware that a man stood on the other side of it, motionless, watching her. She stopped abruptly, and was turning away, when he called her. "Jean, come here!"

"Robin, is it you?" she faltered, drawing near with slow, reluctant steps.

"Ay, it's me. I hae come to see ye—ye mind I said I wad be; or hae ye forgotten that as weel?" The bitterness of his tone struck terror into her. He was very angry; he would never forgive her. She stood silent and trembling.

"Weel," he continued; "are ye no' glad to see me?"

She dared not speak.

"The last time I saw ye," he said hoarsely, "ye gied me a kiss; was that a lee? An' ye said ye lo'ed me; was that a lee? Speak, canna ye?"

Terrified by the strange roughness of his manner, she could scarcely answer. "O Robin! forgive me; I'm sorry!" she said at last.

"That's easy said," he replied; "but it's no sae easy done as ye think. Jean, when my faither wrote word that he had seen ye, and what ye had said,"—he drew a long breath and looked at her. "What garred ye?" he cried brokenly. "O Jean! ye dinna care though ye break my heart!"

He leant across the gate. She could

perceive, even in the dim light, the haggard look on his face, and his voice sounded as though he were weeping; but the anger in it was gone.

Her courage came back a little. "I'm real sorry for ye, Robin; I am," she said again. "You mustna mind ony mair," and she laid her hand on his arm.

"No' mind!" he exclaimed fiercely, shaking off her touch; "is it a sma' maitter to pit awa' wi' a saft word? Tell me the truth, if ye can: What did ye promise when we cam' awa' frae the dance at Aleck's? were ye cheatin' me a' the time?"

"No," said Jean, trying to meet his gaze. "I meant it then; but it's so long ago."

"Long ago!" he repeated, with bitter emphasis; "ay, three months. And sae ye forgot what ye had said when my faither askit ye, an' there was naething atween us — naething, that ye could mind. An' ye smile as bonnie, an' gang on the same gait, nae doubt, with that puir doited fule o' a captain. Na," he cried, with a swift change of mood from scorn to regret, "it's me that's the fule, for I canna haud mysel' from loving ye for a' ye hae said an' done!"

"Robin," she urged timidly, after a pause, "I ken it's a' my faut; but try to forget about me, won't ye, and gang hame."

The shallowness of her nature was clear to him in her penitence as in her fickle love. He perceived that his grief only wearied and frightened her; it did not touch her heart.

"Ye needna bide here," he said; "gang in, I'll stay by mysel'."

Jean looked surprised and alarmed.

"Ye needna fear," he added, with a contemptuous smile, as he guessed her thought. "I'll no' come to the hoose, nor trouble ye ony way; gang in."

She wished he would go, and let her feel the thing was at an end; but she dared not remonstrate with him. She must give up her visit to her father's now, lest he should still be watching when she returned. "Good-night, then," she said slowly.

He made no answer.

"I wish ye would forgi'e me, Robin!" There was a mixture of petulance and entreaty in her tone, as she paused, looking back.

"Never in this warld!" was all his answer; and afraid to rouse him further, she said no more. He watched her re-enter the house — the door closed behind her;

she was gone. Only now, when the interview was over to which he had looked forward with a strange, unexpressed hope that it would yield some relief, some escape from the misery her faithlessness had wrought, only now did he quite resign himself to despair. It would be easier to bear, he had thought, if she had been forced to give him up by her friends — if she regretted, even when it was too late, what she had done — but now he had seen her, had heard her speak, and he could no longer comfort himself with such illusions. He sat for an hour or two on the sea-wall watching the lights in the Shore House go out one by one, and thinking sad, disconnected thoughts. Would it have been worse than this, as his father had suggested, if he had married her, and then found she had tired of him? He would have loved her so; surely, surely, that would never have happened. His head ached wearily, his thoughts grew more confused. Since receiving his father's letter he had scarcely slept or taken food; to see Jean had been his one fixed idea. As soon as he could get away he had come. Now the last glimmer of hope was quenched, nothing but dreary despair was before him.

CHAPTER VI.

"Choose Thou, before this spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart turn them in."

R. L. STEVENSON.

A SHARP rattle of hail on her window awoke Jean next morning. The wind roared in the wide chimney, whistled shrill through keyhole and crevice, and shook the very house in its furious strength.

As the day went on, the storm increased. "The sea will be tremendous at high tide," remarked Captain Dundas, as they stood together watching it from the dining-room windows. "A gale like this, with a spring-tide, is almost enough to drown us out."

"When will it be full?" asked Jean.

"In about an hour, but with a westerly gale the ebb hardly tells for some time. Look how the wind drives the waves up! They are washing up to the gate now. There!"

The tumbling heights and depths of grey sea-water already surged up to the wall of the garden, eager to find entrance; and as he spoke a cresting wave streamed underneath the gate. The next came still further, and the third, brimming up against it, poured over in a torrent of white water, spreading far across the gravel, and bury-

ing the border of withered sea-pinks in quivering foam. Jean shivered as she stood watching. The outlook was inexpressibly dreary. Sea and sky were blurred together in the driving rain, and, except the garden walls on either side, and the small strip of ground below the windows, she could see nothing but the heaving expanse of water, whose cold, wild waves seemed eager to engulf the house itself. She shuddered and turned away, for the little garden in its desolation recalled her unexpected meeting with Robin last night by that very gate, and all the hard things he had said—unpleasant memories she wished to get rid of. She wondered what he was doing to-day, and hoped he would soon go away back to his work, that she might run no risk of meeting him again until he had got over his disappointment. Being summoned to an interview with the cook, she succeeded in dismissing him from her thoughts; for, searching in the key-basket for a particular key, she noticed one labelled "box of old dresses," and hailed with relief so engrossing an occupation for a wet day as the treasures she had seen in the turret would afford. Her housekeeping was quickly despatched. Her husband, busy answering a long letter received that morning from his sister, would not miss her; she was free to do as she pleased.

Kneeling on the floor, surrounded with all the gorgeous stuffs of which she had only had such a tantalizing glimpse before, Jean was perfectly happy. A mirror, black and dim with age, was set in the panelling above the tiny fireplace. She amused herself before it, trying on the quaint headdresses, and wrapping herself in bright-colored *crêpes* and silks, admiring the magnificent appearance they gave her. Oh, if she could only have some of them to wear! how delightful it would be! To go about the house with a splendid train rustling behind her, and look like a queen! How David would admire her—everybody would! Here were fans, fragile things of lace and ivory. She spread one, and looked archly over it at her reflection in the mirror; people must admire her very much, she was sure. Among the dresses was a white silk brocaded with roses in all colors. A piece of paper was carefully sewn on to it, marked "Jean Stewart's wedding-dress, 6th June, 1783." Jean Stewart was, she remembered, the name of one of the portraits in the drawing-room—a lady with black hair and eyes like her own. How grand she must have looked on her wedding-day! and Jean wistfully

contemplated the many-tinted roses of the brocade, until the simplicity of her own plain white bridal-dress was humiliating to remember. She was so absorbed that she did not hear the door at the foot of the turret-stair open; indeed the noise of the wind helped to drown the sound of footsteps slowly ascending until the newcomer was almost upon her. "David?" was her first alarmed conjecture; he might be vexed with her for taking out all these things, and there was no time to hide them away. With flushed cheeks and startled eyes she sprang to her feet and went to the half-open door. Who was this old, bent creature whose shawl and dress were soaked and dripping with rain, who stood looking at her with such stern, unfamiliar eyes? How had she come here out of the storm? Her astonishment changed to irritation as she recognized old Katie Scott, the fishwife.

"You're surely not round with fish to-day?" she said in her "English" tone, which would at another time have excited her visitor's scorn. "Lisbeth should have called me down. I don't think we need anything to-day."

"I ken the hoose better than Lisbeth," said Katie; "an' I cam' up mysel' to seek ye."

"What is it?—what do you want?" said Jean impatiently.

"Lassie," was the old woman's solemn answer, "this is an awfu' day for you. God help ye!"

Jean gazed at her speechless.

"I hae kent Robin Soutar weel sin' the day he was born," resumed Katie. "Never was a son mair gude and weel-doin'—the comfort o' his faither's heart, the pride o' his mither."

"What has happened?" cried the girl, terror-stricken. "Is he dead?"

"It's far waur than death," she answered; "that wad seem little. I left him lyin' murdered by his ain hand, the life ebbin' frae him, an' he neither able to say a prayer to God nor fareweel to his mither; an' it's *your* wark," she continued, with terrible emphasis—"thae auld folk bowed doon wi' shame and sorrow, that bonnie lad dee'in', an' a' for a pearlin' Jean like you!"

Jean stood looking, in wide-eyed, scarce comprehending horror. For a moment there was no sound but the wild raging of the wind and sea without; then she drew a long, shivering breath, put out her hands deprecatingly, and tried to speak, but her lips were too dry to frame a syllable. The old woman's stern face softened a

little as she saw the effect of her news, but she expressed no pity.

"Dinna think o' yersel' noo," she said — "think o' them. I hae come for ye. They thocht the sight o' ye micht rouse him to speak, and ken his mither afore he dees. Come awa'."

Jean obeyed mechanically. At the foot of the turret-stair they were met by Lisbeth, who, in wondering silence, overawed by the old woman's solemn manner and her mistress's pale and horror-stricken face, helped Jean to get ready, and watched them go, eager and yet not daring to ask their errand.

The tide was now full, and every wave surged over the sea-wall, and shattered itself in clouds of spray against the house. The whole garden was under water, and Jean was drenched from head to foot before they gained the street. The force of the wind was so great when they turned their faces against it, that, at every gust, they were obliged to stand clinging together, until, in the succeeding lull, they could go on. The way was long and weary in the teeth of the storm, and yet Jean would have gone on forever, to escape what she knew awaited her. Neither of them spoke, and she supposed they were going to the old weaver's cottage, when Katie turned down a sandy cart-track towards the shore. "It was here," she explained briefly, seeing Jean pause, "he shot himsel' in Aleck's garden wi' his gun, and they carried him in here."

Jean would have shrunk back from the keen edge of pain the old woman's words unconsciously had for her; but she knew she must go on, round the end of the cottage, into the little garden. She was thankful that the rain driving in her face blinded her to the wind-swept dreariness of the familiar place. Aleck's wife, the bride of that memorable day, met them at the door and held up a warning hand.

"Hoo is he noo?" whispered old Katie.

"He's gane," was the answer.

"Eh me!" she ejaculated; "an' did he ken ony o' ye afore he deed, Mary?"

Mary shook her head. Just then the inner door opened. Robin's old mother came out and took Jean by the arm. "Come ben," she said, in a hard, tearless voice, "an' see what ye hae done;" and she drew the unresisting girl into the room.

Robin's father and brothers and one or two neighbors were there. His young sister knelt on the floor, her face hidden in the bedclothes, sobbing in an agony of grief. On a table by the bed were some

strips of linen torn up for bandages, and a cup which Jean, with that strange subconsciousness keenest at a crisis, recognized as one of a set given by Robin to the bride, which had been used for the first time at the wedding-party.

"This is your wark," repeated the mother, as they stood by the bed.

"Whist, woman!" said her husband; "it's no' for us to judge."

Aleck's wife, her old schoolfellow, came and took her hand in silent pity; but Jean — whose white, quivering features were changed almost beyond recognition by the working of her conscience, so tardily, so terribly awakened — paid no heed.

As she stood there, a desolation wild as that of the storm without swept through her soul. All that had ever given her pleasure, all her selfish aims, seemed to be so worthless and meaningless now. What would she not give to recall the past, which had brought upon her the horror of blood-guiltiness? As the slow, heart-wrung tears filled her eyes, she loathed herself increasingly — realizing with the certainty of despair that her punishment was, and would be, not alone in what others might say or think, but in a self-condemnation as remorseful now as it was unavailing, and from which there was no escape.

J. M. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
ANURADHAPURA: A PRE-CHRISTIAN CITY.

BY C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

AMONG the many scenes of interest to the traveller in Ceylon, none is more startling than to find himself amid the ruins of the far-famed pre-Christian city Anuradhapura, the once mighty capital of the isle.

These ruins are totally unlike anything which I have seen in other countries. For my own part, the feeling they inspire is not so much admiration as wonder and bewilderment as one wanders in every direction, walking or riding, only to come to more and more and more ruins — ruins wrought by war and by ruthless treasure-seekers, but far more extensively and effectually by the silent growth of vegetation, which, fastening into every neglected crevice, has overthrown massive masonry, which, but for these insidious parasites, might have defied time. Two characteristics are specially striking — the incalculable multitude of tall monoliths, not rude

stone monuments, but accurately hewn pillars of stone or granite, which in some cases must evidently have supported roofs, or some sort of building; while a great number, capped with a beautifully sculptured crown, form the ornamental surroundings of the cyclopean dagobas,* or relic shrines, which are the most prominent features of the whole place. These are gigantic masses of solid brickwork, built in the form of a bell, and crowned with a sort of spire called a tee, which symbolizes the honorific umbrella. These huge piles are estimated to contain millions of cubic feet, and somewhere near the summit of each a secret chamber was constructed, wherein was deposited some worshipful fragment of Buddha himself, or of one of his saints, surrounded by costly offerings. The means of access to this chamber was known only to the priests, but it is recorded in the Book of Chronicles of Ceylon, the Maha-wanso, that when about B.C. 161 King Dutugemunu had built the Ruanweli, or Golden Dust, dagoba, he ascended to the summit by means of a temporary winding staircase, and thence descended into the sacred chamber, wherein he deposited the precious casket containing the relic, whatever it was, and various other treasures.

Of course, in exploring any scene of ancient historic interest, it is essential to have gathered previously as much information as possible regarding it, for nowhere does the eye so truly see what it brings the capacity for seeing as in visiting the ruined cities of bygone ages. This is certainly true of this labyrinth of ruinous brickwork and sculptured stones, so bewildering till one begins to get something like a clue to its main features. In point of fact, most of what remains of the once mighty city of Anuradhapura, the magnificent, lies buried beneath from six to fifteen feet of soil, waiting for a whole army of excavators to come and supplement the feeble force now working for government. And yet, although the forest now overgrows the whole plain, so that the only break in your long ride is an occasional open tract, where fine old trees grow singly, as in an English park, enough remains above ground to enable you to recall vivid visions of the past. For a space of sixteen square miles, the somewhat scrubby jungle, stunted by the prevalence of droughts, is but a veil for the masses of masonry and brickwork; a wilderness of granite pillars, with richly

carved capitals and flights of steps, some covered with intricate carving, as perfect to-day as when, two thousand years ago, they were trodden by the unsandalled feet of reverent worshippers or busy merchants. The designs of the stairs are beautiful; on either side supported by rich scroll patterns and graceful figures, overshadowed by the seven-headed cobra supposed to be the emblem of vigilance, while the huge semicircular stone which forms the lowest step (commonly called a moonstone) generally represents a sacred lotus blossom, round which circle rows of horses, elephants, bullocks, and the invariable geese held sacred by all ancient nations. These stones are peculiar to Ceylon, and, strange to say, no two of them are exactly alike in arrangement of detail.

Broad roads have been cleared through the dense jungle, embracing the chief points of interest, and, as you ride slowly along these or any of the innumerable pilgrim paths which here intersect the forest, you see on every side the same wilderness of hewn stones, heaped up in dire confusion, all overturned by the insidious growth of vegetation, and at last you emerge at some huge bathing tank, all of carved stonework; or it may be on the brink of a great artificial lake formed by an embankment of cyclopean masonry. Or else you find yourself in presence of some huge figure of Buddha—perhaps reclining in the dreamless repose of Nirvana, perhaps sitting in ceaseless contemplation of the lovely forest—a mighty image of dark stone brought from afar at some remote time when worshippers were legion.

Now, perhaps a handful of flowers or some ashes of burnt camphor tell of some solitary villager who has here offered his simple prayer. Or the object which suddenly presents itself to your sight may be one of the gigantic dagobas, of which I have already spoken—one of many similar buildings which lie scattered in various parts of Ceylon in the silent depths of vast forests, which now cover the sites where once stood busy, populous cities.

It is recorded in the ancient chronicles that on great festivals these dagobas were festooned from base to summit with endless garlands of the most fragrant and lovely flowers, till the whole building resembled some huge shrub in blossom. Others were literally buried beneath heaps of jessamine. One of the relic shrines which was thus adorned, the Jetawana-rama, towered to a height of three hundred

* From *datu*, a relic, and *gabbhan*, a shrine; or from *deha*, the body, and *goka*, that which preserves.

and sixteen feet. Though no reverent hands now garland this desolate shrine, kind nature still strews it with fairest blossoms, and has covered it right up to the summit with trees of largest growth, all matted together with beautiful flowering creepers. These have now been in a measure cleared away, so as to reveal the form of the gigantic dome, capped with a ruinous red spire, four stories high, circular on a square base. Tall monoliths and sculptured figures at the base of this huge mass of masonry afford the eye a standard by which to estimate its height. My own feeling, as I sat at work sketching it, as in duty bound, was of amazement that any human beings could have constructed an object so oppressively large, useless, and hideous.

The oldest and most venerated of all these great buildings is the Thuparama dagoba. It was built by King Dewanapia Tissa, "The Delight of the Gods," who ascended the throne B.C. 307, and, having obtained possession of Buddha's right collar-bone, proceeded to build this wonderful shrine for its reception. (I cannot refrain from remarking how culpably careless were poor Prince Gautama's cremators! The dagoba at Kala-wewa purports to contain his jaw-bone, while another at Bintenne was erected B.C. 164, to contain a bone from his thorax.) The height of the Thuparama dagoba is about sixty-three feet.

The slim monolithic columns all round it are peculiarly elegant, though unmeaning except as ornaments. A similar arrangement of three rows of pillars of equally delicate workmanship, numbering respectively 20, 28, and 40, surround the Lankarama, which is a smaller but very fine dagoba of unknown date. It is attributed to King Maha Sen, who succeeded to the throne A.D. 275, and who, having in the earlier years of his reign adopted a creed known to orthodox Buddhists as "the Wytulian heresy" (supposed to have been Brahminical), had done all in his power to suppress Buddhism and destroy its monuments; but, finding that the inevitable result would be to raise a general rebellion, he recanted, and became a zealous Buddhist, not only rebuilding all the monuments and priests' houses which he had destroyed, but building new ones to outvie those of his predecessors.

The chief of these is the Jetawanarama, which, though not originally quite so large as the Abayagiriya, was three hundred and sixteen feet high, and is still two hundred and forty-nine feet, with a diameter of

three hundred and sixty. Sir James Emerson Tennant calculated that even now it measures twenty millions of cubical feet, giving sufficient material to raise eight thousand houses, each with twenty feet frontage, which would form thirty streets half a mile in length, and would construct a town the size of Ipswich or Coventry, or form a wall one foot in thickness and ten feet in height reaching from London to Edinburgh! Now this mountain of brickwork is covered to the very summit with large trees of such frugal habit as apparently to live on air, for they surely can find no subsistence in the crumbling bricks.

Those slim columns with the ornamental crown which never supported anything are most puzzling, no one having any idea why they were erected. The only rude parallel which occurs to me as possibly throwing light on the subject, is a custom which prevails in certain tribes in the Kassia Hills, on the confines of Upper India, where a cromlech is erected over the ashes of the dead, whose spirits are invoked by the living. Should the prayers thus offered be granted, a great monolith is erected close to the tomb in acknowledgment thereof, and in due course of time these multiply, so that some favored tombs are surrounded with a large group of such tributes of gratitude. It is just possible that this rude phase of ancestor worship may give us the clue to the more elaborate productions of a highly civilized race, whose object was equally the invocation of the dead. Whatever the meaning that may have once attached to them, it is now utterly forgotten even by the priests.

As regards the dagobas themselves, there are now two classes: first, those that were built as depositories for sacred relics (these include all the cyclopean buildings); and secondly, a multitude of small ones, which were merely hollow, circular domes, built over a lower square chamber which was the receptacle for the ashes of some cremated monk or nun. Apparently the only means of access to this chamber beneath the square platform was by a square opening beneath the dome; but when once the dome had been erected, the living might no more enter the chamber of the dead. Within the chamber, at the four corners, forming a sort of octagon, were stone slabs bearing the name of the dead and a short catalogue of his or her good deeds, together with a representation of Buddha's feet, the trident, the sun and moon, and other Buddhistic emblems.

Unfortunately, at Anuradhapura most of these tomb dagobas have been destroyed by sacrilegious treasure-seekers.

Though the dagobas in this place are specially interesting as being the largest and oldest in Ceylon, the same form is reproduced in many more modern cities, and in connection with Buddhist temples all over the isle—all built on the same pattern, namely, a circular building on a square platform.*

At Chi-Chen in Central America there are ancient buildings which in size, form of dome, and the ornamental tower or tee on the summit, are said to be apparently identical with those of Ceylon. It would be interesting to know whether they have also the square platform.

It is worthy of note that the commonest type of grave all over north China, from Shanghai to Peking, simply consists of a circular earthen mound erected on a square platform of earth, the mound being generally crowned by a spire or nob. These are made in miniature for the very poor, very large for the wealthy, and cyclopean for emperors. This combination is the mystic symbolism which to the Chinaman represents the dual principle in nature. The square is the feminine symbol, and represents the earth. The circle suggests the male principle, and symbolizes Heaven. The same principle is worked out in the construction of the great temples of Heaven and Earth at Peking.†

It is interesting and curious to find this ancient symbolism revered and perpetuated by the professors of a creed to which such details are certainly foreign. The external square was repeated by an internal pillar which marked the exact centre of the dagoba—in the case of the tomb dagoba the pillar was sometimes square, sometimes circular. It was about a foot square, and rose about four feet above ground, and on it rested the casket containing the ashes of the dead. Such caskets were generally miniature dagobas of the same bell shape.

In the construction of the gigantic relic shrines it appears that in the first place the exact centre was marked by an upright monolith accurately squared, and placed

so as to have the four sides true to the points of the compass. The squares of the platform and outer wall were then marked out; also the true circle for the dagoba; and the whole was built up solidly—no chamber of any sort till the appointed height was reached, perhaps fifteen feet from the summit. But so soon as the central square pillar was built up, another was placed on the top of it, "truly perpendicular, and securely fixed in position by mortise and tenon." Thus it was carried right up from the base to a height of from two hundred to four hundred feet to the relic-chamber, which was formed as a perfect square facing the cardinal points; and here, as in the tomb dagobas, this stone pillar projected about four feet through the floor; it was overlaid with gold and supported a circular golden tray, on which was laid the casket containing the precious relic, which may have been only a hair from a saint's eyebrow, or a revered toe-nail, but was probably accompanied by treasures of very much greater interest, which fully accounts for the anxiety of ruthless marauders to pillage these depositories.

Here, for example, is a list published by Mr. Wickremasinghe of the various objects enshrined in a dagoba at Hanguranketa: "Two gold chains and two medals studded with valuable gems, one hundred and sixty silver images, one hundred and ninety-nine bronze images, six hundred and four precious stones, two thousand uncut stones, and many other objects, including two boards for binding a book, of silver and gold studded with gems; five books of the Vinaya Pitaka written on silver plates; seven books of the Abhidharma Litaka on silver plates, as also a number of other books; one book written on nine hundred copper plates each three spans long, and extracts from various religious books written on thirty-seven plates of gold, each plate weighing five English sovereigns."

Of the gigantic relic dagobas there are seven within the limits of Anuradhapura itself, without reference to those at Mehintale and elsewhere in the neighborhood.

Of the other dagobas which are scattered about in the jungle, I may mention the Kiri Wihara (Milk Temple), which is so entirely buried beneath encroaching earth, that its existence is only known by the tradition which declares it to lie buried beneath a huge grassy mound.

All the dagobas at Anuradhapura are built of brick, and perhaps their erection here was suggested by the fact of finding

* The Thuparama and Laukarama dagobas are apparently exceptions to this rule, for though the tall circular spire rests on a square platform on the summit of the dagoba, the great massive buildings are raised on circular mounds.

† See "Wanderings in China," by C. F. Gordon Cumming, vol. ii., pages 172, 175, 180, 322. See also "A Ground Plan of the Temple of Heaven," and "Notes on Tomb-temples," in "Meeting the Sun," by Will. Simpson, F.R.G.S. Longmans, Green & Co. Pages 176 and 190-193.

building material in such abundance, in the form of beds of clay ready for the manufacture of millions of bricks — though, strange to say, the ancient chronicles relate how, to facilitate the building of the Ruanweli dagoba, one of the gods created the requisite quantity of bricks at a place sixteen miles distant, but there is no record of their having been miraculously transported to the spot.

Of course, in viewing these ruinous red mounds it requires an effort of imagination to picture them as they appeared when so thickly coated with chunam as to resemble huge domes of polished cream-colored marble. This chunam was still in use when the oldest European bungalows were built, and gives their pillared verandahs a delightfully cool appearance; but this manufacture is a lost art, though it is known that chunam was a preparation of lime made from burnt oyster-shells mixed with the water of cocoanuts and the glutinous juice of the fruit called paragaha.*

Of vanished glories, one of the chief must have been the Monara, or Mayurapaya, *i.e.*, the Peacock Palace of the Kings, so called not only from the brilliancy of the colors with which it was painted externally, but also from the abundance of precious stones, gold, and silver, employed in its decoration. It is described as having been a building three stories high, with ranges of cool rooms underground. Whatever may still remain of it is all underground, buried beneath a grassy mound; but round it, as if keeping sentry round the royal palace, stand a circle of fine stone pillars with beautifully sculptured capitals. But the crowning marvel of Anuradhapura was the Lowamaha-paya, or Great Brazen Palace, a monastery built by King Dutugemunu about B.C. 164, for the accommodation of one thousand priests, or rather monks, for such they were. It was nine stories high, probably pyramidal, so that the top story was much smaller than the lowest. The latter was built up from a foundation supported by sixteen hundred granite pillars, all of which the Rajavali implies were covered with copper. Each priest had his own little dormitory, and (as no great man could possibly allow his inferior to sit higher than himself) the poor old priests of highest rank had to occupy the uppermost rooms, just under the roof with its glittering brazen tiles — rather warm quarters on a hot summer's day!

A most interesting account of this pal-

ace and its various apartments has been preserved in the Maha-wanso, which is the book of ancient national chronicles. In one great hall were golden pillars, supported by golden statues of lions and elephants, while the walls were inlaid with flower-patterns of costly gems, and festoons of pearls. In the centre stood a magnificent ivory throne of wondrous workmanship, for the high priest, while above it was the white chatta or umbrella, the Oriental type of sovereignty. On either side of this throne there were set a golden image of the sun, and a silver one of the moon; and the whole palace was richly carpeted, and full of luxurious couches and divans. Amongst the curious statistics of the Great Brazen Palace, we hear of a stone canoe, twenty-five cubits long, made to contain some special drink for the thousand priests — a very jovial species of punch-bowl! A huge hollowed stone, sixty-three feet long, three and one-half feet broad, and two feet ten inches in depth, was pointed out to us among the ruins of this great monastery as having been used for this purpose, while another hollowed block of granite, ten feet long, two feet deep, and six feet wide, lying near the Jetawanarama, was shown as that wherein the daily allowance of rice was measured out. Certainly the proportion of sack was largely in excess of the solids.

Minute details are given of the daily rations provided for all these priests of the king's bounty, as also of the vessels of sugar, buffalo butter, and honey provided for the builders, whose work, however, did not prove enduring, for in the following reign this Tower of Babel had to be taken down, and it was rebuilt only seven stories high. Two hundred years later these were reduced to five stories, and seventy years afterwards, in A.D. 240, it must have been entirely rebuilt, as the reigning monarch changed the position of the supporting pillars. When (A.D. 275) King Maha Sen succeeded to the throne, full of iconoclastic zeal, he demolished this lofty clergyhouse as well as many more buildings connected with Buddhism, and used them as quarries for the erection of new shrines for the images supposed to have been sanctioned by "the Wytulian heresy." But when he threw over his new love to return to the old, he rebuilt the Brazen Temple and all else that he had destroyed. Unfortunately some of the sixteen hundred granite monoliths had been broken, so to make up the number a certain number were split. This was done

* Dillena dentata.

by boring holes in the stones and therein driving wooden wedges, on to which water was poured to make the wood swell, a simple but effective device, which was first adopted in England about two thousand years later.

How strange it is to think that when our ancestors sailed the stormy seas in their little skin-covered wicker boats, or paddled canoes more roughly hollowed from trees than those quaint outriggers which here excite our wonder, Ceylon was the chief centre of Eastern traffic, having its own fleet of merchant ships, wherein to export (some say) its superfluous grain — certainly other products — to distant lands. Possibly its traffic may even have extended to Rome, to whose historians it was known as Taprobane, and of whose coins as many as eighteen hundred of the reigns of Constantine and other emperors have been found at Batticaloa. Think, too, that while Britons wore a full dress of only woad, and lived in wattle huts, these islanders had vast cities with stately palaces and other great buildings, and monuments whose ruins, even now, vie in dimensions with the Egyptian Pyramids. Besides these massive ruins, and this endless profusion of sculptured granite columns and noble stairs which once led up to stately temples, how poor and mean do all the modern temples appear, with their wooden pillars and walls of clay, the work of pygmy descendants of giants.

Here, four hundred years before the birth of Christ, all that constituted Eastern luxury reigned supreme. Great tanks watered beautiful gardens, and in the streets busy life fretted and toiled. Allowing largely for Oriental exaggeration, we can form some idea of the greatness of the city from the native annals, which tell how, including these tanks and gardens, it covered two hundred and fifty-six square miles, the whole of which was enclosed by a strong outer wall, which was not completed till the first century after Christ. From the north gate to the south gate measured sixteen miles, and the old chronicles tell us that it would take a man four hours to walk from the north to the south gate, or across the city from the rising to the setting sun. The writer enumerates the principal streets, and it gives a strangely familiar touch to hear of Great King Street, while Moon Street reminds us of the planet worship of the early Singhalese. Moon Street consisted of eleven thousand houses, many of which were large, beautiful mansions two stories high. There were lesser streets without

number, bearing the name of the caste or profession of its inhabitants. All were level and straight; the broad carriage-way was sprinkled with glittering white sand, while the footpath on either side was covered with dark sand. Thus the foot passengers were protected from the dangers of the swift riders, chariots, and carriages. Some carriages were drawn by four horses. There were elephants innumerable, rich merchants, archers, jugglers, women laden with flowers for temple offerings, and crowds of all sorts. Not only had they cunning craftsmen of all manner of trades, but the most minute care was bestowed on such practical matters as the sanitation of their cities. Thus, in Anuradhapura there was a corps of two hundred men whose sole work was the daily removal of all impurities from the city, besides a multitude of sweepers; one hundred and fifty men were told off to carry the dead to the cemeteries, which were well cared for by numerous officials. "Naked mendicants and fakirs," "castes of the heathen," and the aboriginal Yakkos and Nagas, *i.e.*, the demon and snake-worshippers, each had distinct settlements allotted to them in the suburbs.

Within the city there were halls for music and dancing, temples of various religions (all of which received liberal support from the earlier kings), almshouses and hospitals both for man and beasts, the latter receiving a special share of attention. One of the kings was noted for his surgical skill in treating the diseases of elephants, horses, and snakes; another set aside rice to feed the squirrels in his garden, and a third devoted the produce of a thousand fields to provide for the care of sick animals. At every corner of the countless streets were houses for preaching, that all the passers-by might learn the wisdom of Buddha, whose temples then, as now, were daily strewn with the choicest flowers, garlands of jessamine, and the fragrant champac blossoms, and beautiful white and pink water-lilies (the sacred symbolical lotus). On all great festivals the streets were spanned by arches covered with gold and silver flags, while in the niches were placed statues holding lamps or golden vases full of flowers. At a later date the records of Pollonnaruwa are almost identical with these.

Yet ere long both these cities were doomed to be forsaken. The huge tanks which watered the gardens and irrigated all the land were left to go to utter ruin, and for centuries all has lain hushed and still. When foreigners invaded the isle

it was the policy of the Kandyans to keep the interior inaccessible, so there were only difficult paths through dense jungle; consequently, although Knox had written of the wonderful ruins through which he had passed when making his escape from his long captivity in Kandy, they continued unknown till they were rediscovered by Lieutenant Skinner, about 1833, when surveying for his great work of road-making. At that time the site of the great city was the haunt of vast herds of elephants, sambar and fallow deer, buffalo, monkeys, and jackals. Porcupines and leopards sought shelter among the ruins, the tanks were alive with pelicans, flamingoes, and other aquatic birds, and large flocks of pea-fowl sought refuge in the cool shade, or sunned themselves in the green glades where once were busy streets. Of course, with the return of so many human beings, these shy creatures have retreated to more secluded hiding-places. Here and there, on the outskirts of Anuradhapura, there are great heaps of stones — huge cairns — to which, even to this day, each passer-by must, without fail, add a stone, though the people have long since utterly forgotten what event they commemorate.

Imagine such a fate as this creeping over the great capitals where a hundred and sixty-five successive kings reigned in all the pomp and luxury of an Oriental court. Their history has been handed down to us in the Mahawanso, or "Genealogy of the Great," that precious manuscript to which frequent reference is so necessary to a right understanding of events in Ceylon. Its first section, which was compiled about the year A.D. 470, from native annals, treats of the Great Dynasty — *i.e.*, the kings who reigned from 543 B.C. to 301 A.D. — after which comes the history of those who are classed as the Sulu-wanse, or "lower race," although that list includes the great King Prakrama Bahu, by whose orders the work was completed up to his time — *i.e.*, 1266 A.D. Finally, it was carried on to the year 1758 A.D. by command of the last king of Kandy, all compiled from authentic native documents. Being written in Pali verse, none but the most learned priests could possibly read it, and, as a matter of fact, no one seems to have been able to do so when in 1826 Mr. Turnour, of the Ceylon civil service, set himself to master this terribly difficult task, and with marvellous patience and ingenuity succeeded in so doing. Therein we obtain the clue to what at first seems such a mystery — how a race which produced work so wonderful as these great

cities, a people so powerful and in some respects so wise as those old Singhalese — themselves, we must remember, conquerors from northern India — should have been driven from province to province till all their old power and energy seems to have died out.

The mischief seems to have begun when the king of Anuradhapura first took into his pay mercenary troops from Malabar. These were the Tamils, whose descendants remain to this day. They rebelled, slew the king, and held the throne for twenty years. Driven from the island they returned, and again held it for forty years. Once more they were expelled, and once more fresh hordes poured in from Malabar, and landing simultaneously on all parts of the island, again took possession of the capital, where some settled, while others returned to the mainland laden with plunder. During all these years an ever-returning contest was maintained between the Buddhists and their Brahmin invaders. There was the usual pulling-down and building-up of temples, so that by A.D. 300 the native records declare that the glory of the city was utterly destroyed, and the royal race of Children of the Sun had been exterminated. Nevertheless it continued to be a great powerful town, enclosed by strong walls.

The struggle with the Malabars continued till about A.D. 726, when the kings forsook Anuradhapura, and made Polonnaruwa, farther to the south, their capital, and more beautiful than the old city. Still the Malabars pushed on, and overran every corner of the island. At length, A.D. 1155, a mighty king arose, by name Prakrama Bahu, who with a strong hand delivered his country, and driving out the invaders, established peace and security. He rebuilt the temples of Buddha, and made or restored fifteen hundred tanks, and canals without number, to irrigate and fertilize the thirsty land. Yet thirty years after the death of this great, good man, his family had become so utterly weak through their incessant quarrels, that the Malabars once more returned and seized the tempting prize. And so the story of strife continued till in 1505 the Portuguese came, and then followed the further complications of the struggles between Portuguese and Dutch, and later, the French and English took their turn as disquieting elements.

But the consequence of all these fightings was the removal of the seat of government from one part of the isle to another, so that in many a now desolate

jungle there still remain some ruins of ancient cities which successively claimed the honor of being the capital for the time being. The oldest of these was Tamana-nuwara, which was the capital of Wijayo the Conqueror, B.C. 543. His successor founded Oopatissa-nuwara, calling it after himself. Then Maagama and Kellania had their turns before Anuradhapura asserted its supremacy. With the exception of eighteen years when Kaasyapa (the parricide and suicide) lived on the fortified rock of Sigiri, and one year when King Kaloonna removed the capital to Dondra, or Dewa-nuwara, the City of the Gods, and likewise committed suicide, Anuradhapura reigned supreme for thirteen hundred and fifty-three years, when it was abandoned in favor of Pollonaruwa; three hundred years later Anuradhapura became the capital during one stormy reign, and Roohoona, Kalu-totta, and Kaacharagama were each the royal home for a brief interval. Then came the reign of the great King Prakrama, when the glory of Pollonaruwa was at its height, and continued the capital during the seventeen changes of sovereignty which followed in the twenty years after his death. From 1235 to the end of the century Dambadiniya was the chief city, then Pollonaruwa had another turn. After this, Kurunegalla, Gampola, Sengada-galla-nuwara, Kandy, and Cotta were successively the royal headquarters. Now one after another of these great cities has fallen into comparative neglect, and several into total oblivion. Giant trees have overgrown both palaces and markets; beautiful parasitic plants have loosened the great blocks of stone, and the dark, massive ruins are veiled by lovely creepers and all the wealth of tropical greenery, through which, as they did so recently in Anuradhapura, bears and leopards roam undisturbed, while birds of all glorious hues flit through the foliage. Only at the time of certain great festivals do devout pilgrims still wend their way through the silent depths of these dark forests, to do homage at these shrines, and the stillness of night is broken by their pious ejaculations as they circle round the huge relic shrines.

At the time of our visit to Anuradhapura, the pilgrims had assembled in vast numbers to celebrate the festival of the mid-summer new moon, and their simple camps — yellow tents of great talipot palm leaves, of which each pilgrim carries one section, to act as sunshade or umbrella — formed a very picturesque feature in the scene. Half-a-dozen pieces of leaf, supported by

sticks, form the slight shelter which is all they need. (Many carry one of the tough fibrous sheaths, which has enveloped the young flower of the areca palm, and which serves as a simple rice plate, while an ingeniously folded Palmyra palm leaf forms an excellent water-bucket). With reverent steps they trod the green forest glades, marking the course of the main streets of the holy city, and guided by yellow-robed Buddhist priests. Many of the pilgrims carried small flags and banners, and one group carried a miniature ark containing a golden lotus blossom to be offered to the sacred Bo-tree. The ark, I may observe, holds the same place of honor in Ceylon as it does in many other nations. To all travellers in the Himalayas, the ark veiled with curtains, within which is concealed the idol most deeply revered, is a familiar object — an ark which is carried on staves through the forests, with music and dancing, and which, both in its proportions and in all the ceremonies connected with it, bears a strange affinity to the sacred ark of the Israelites.* We find it again in the churches of Abyssinia and in the Buddhist temples of Japan; and here in Ceylon, every important *dewali* (that is, every Malabar temple) has an ark precisely similar to that of the Himalayas, the sacred objects, which are so jealously concealed from the gaze of even devout worshippers, being in this case the mystic arrows of the particular god or deified hero there held in reverence. Once a year, at a great full-moon festival, this ark is borne forth on its staves, and carried in sunwise circuit round the temple, amid great rejoicing. That tiny ark, containing the mystic lotus blossom, was not the only link we noticed to the customs of far-distant lands. At the entrance to the Wata Daghe at Pollonaruwa lies a stone precisely similar to the Clach Brath at St. Oran's Chapel in Iona,† with a row of hollows, worn by the continual action of stone or crystal balls, which the passers-by turned sunwise to bring them luck. And here, in Anuradhapura, are three stone bulls, which women who have not been blessed with offspring also drag round sunwise, that they may insure the speedy birth of an heir. One of these seems to have formerly revolved on a pivot, but now main force does all.

Certainly the most venerated objects of

* See "In the Himalayas," by C. F. Gordon Cumming, published by Chatto & Windus, pages 161-371, 435.

† See "In the Hebrides," page 72, by C. F. Gordon Cumming, published by Chatto & Windus.

superstition are not often impressive to the eye, and these are three insignificant little animals, measuring respectively three feet six inches, two feet nine inches, and one foot seven inches. They lie on the turf beneath a great tree — a curious foreground to a most picturesque pilgrims' camp of yellow palm-leaves like gigantic fans, banked up with withered boughs; women and children busy round their camp fires, and beyond the curling blue smoke rise the pillars of the Brazen Palace. Thousands of these primitive tents were scattered about in groups in the park-like grounds, and I had the good fortune to witness a very striking scene on the night of our arrival, when all night long, by the light of a glorious full moon, great companies, guided by bare-armed and bare-footed yellow-robed priests, circled round the Ruanweli dagoba, shouting Saadhu! (the Buddhist form of All hail!). But in making their circle they kept their left side towards the relic shrine, which in sunlore all the world over is the recognized form of invoking a curse instead of a blessing. But on the beautifully sculptured "moonstones" at the base of the great temple and palace stairs, all the animals, elephants, oxen, horses, lions, and sacred geese, have their right side towards the central lotus blossom, so they are making the orthodox sunwise turn.

Just beyond these bulls are forty rows of roughly hewn stone pillars, which even now stand twelve feet above the soil, and are doubtless sunk to a depth of many more — a strange and unique sight. In each row there are forty of these granite monoliths, making sixteen hundred in all; some have fallen, some are half buried among the ruins, but there they are, and these are all that now remain above ground to mark the spot where the stately Brazen Palace once stood with all its crowds of learned priests. Of course there is not a vestige of the copper which once covered the pillars, nor of the resplendent brazen tiles. I was told a legend — whether authentic or not I cannot say — that the final destruction of this grand building was due to fire kindled by a queen who, when sore beset by Malabar armies, and seeing no hope of escape from beleaguering foes, resolved that at least they should not enjoy the pillage of the palace, and so caused all her most precious possessions to be brought here and heaped together, and having with her own hands set fire to this costly funeral pyre, thereon sought death. Now the desolate ruins are forsaken alike by priests and worshippers. I

wandered alone through the labyrinth of grey pillars where only a flock of shaggy, long-legged, reddish goats were nibbling the parched grass, just as I have seen British sheep finding greener pasture beneath the shadow of the mighty rock temple of our own ancestors at Stonehenge.

From The New Review.

EXCURSION (FUTILE ENOUGH) TO PARIS;
AUTUMN 1851:

THROWN ON PAPER, WHEN GALLOPING, FROM SATURDAY TO TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4-7, 1851.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

MONDAY morning was dim, and at 7 I was again awake; an unslept, weary man. Walk through the old streets, eastward and northward. *Rue Neuve des Petits Augustins*, &c., &c., to *Place des Victoires*; places known to me of old: contrast of feelings seven and twenty years apart: eheu, eheu! The streets had all got *trottoirs*, the old houses seemed older and more dilapidated: crowds of poor-looking people, here and there a well-dressed man, going as if to his "office" (*bourgeois*, in clean linen and coat); very small percentage of such, and all *smoking*. Louis XIV. in *Place des Victoires*: "Comment?" said I to two little dumpty men in white wide-awakes: "Est-ce qu' on a laissé cela, pendant la République?" They grinned a good-humored affirmation. Homewards by the Palais Royal; said Palais Royal very dirty, very dim; hardly anybody in it: *new* in the southern part; Louis Philippe's Palace made into an exhibition place for *Arts et Métiers*. Emerge, then, after some windings and returnings, into the Rue St. Honore; heart of the old Louvre and Carrousel almost gutted out, block of half-demolished buildings still standing; very dusty, very dim, all things. In the narrow streets and poor dark shops, &c., such figures poor old women, little children, the forlorn of the earth. "How do they live?" one asked oneself with sorrow and amazement. — Catarrh general still in our party, catarrh or other illness *universal* in it. Better get home as soon as possible?

After breakfast, with Lord Ashburton to call on General Cavaignac, whom we understood to be in town, of all Frenchmen the one I cared a straw to see. *Rue Housaïé* where it joins as continuation to *Rue Taitbout*, north from Boulevard des Italiens; there in a modest-enough locality was the General's house. "Gone to the

country (*aux Départements*), uncertain whither, uncertain when; clearly no Cavaignac for us!" We drove away again, disappointed in mind *tant soit peu*. "Lift the top from the carriage, let me drive through the streets with you, and sit warm and smoke, while you do business:" that was my proposal to Lord Ashburton, who gladly assented: agreed to wait at his "club" (*Club* of Frenchmen chiefly, and of some *Etrangers*, near the Boulevards, — quite "empty" at this time); home for a warmer coat, coachman and lackey to doff the carriage-roof: and after some waiting we all duly rally (at Rue de la Paix 1, at said club Lord Ashburton) — and roll away eastward and into the heart of the city. Pleasant drive, and the best thing I could do to-day. Boulevards very stirring, airy, *locomotive* to a fair degree, but the *vehiculation* very light. Looked at the exotic old high houses; the exotic rolling crowd. Barrière St. Martin; turn soon after into the rightward streets, shops, lapidary or other, Lord Ashburton has to call at; I remain seated; learn we are near the Temple; decide to go thither. Old, pale-dingy edifice, shorn of all its towers; only a gate and dead wall to the street. Policeman issues on us as we enter; stony eyes, villainous look, has never heard of Louis XVI., or his imprisonment here. "Non, monsieur!" — but from the other side of the gate comes an old female concierge who is fully familiar with it; she, brandishing her keys, will gladly show us all. Building seems totally empty: a police station in some corner of it, that is all. *Garde Mobile* lived in it in 1848, before that it was a convent (under the Bourbons); Napoleon had already much altered it; filled up (*comblé*) one storey of it, in order to make a *pidce d'eau* (not quite dry) in the garden. Old trees still up to their *armpits* there: a very strange proceeding for a *pidce d'eau*! Damp, brown, and dismal, all these emptinesses; grass growing on the pavements; big halls within (a grand royal hotel once, after the Templars ceased from it); on the second floor (once third?) the royal *prison*-apartments, religiously kept, are still there. Marie Antoinette's *oratoire*; the place of Cléry's scene of adieu: a grim locality indeed! *Garde Mobile* had drawn emblematic figures with burnt stick, in a few instances they had *torn* the walls, and made ugly big gaps with their bayonets. Our old *concierge* called the primitive republicans (in reference to Louis) "*gueux*," — she seemed of royalist disposition, — cut us off a bit of room-paper for souvenir,

accepted our three francs with many courtesies, and so we left the *Temple*, a memorable scene in one's archives.

Bronze-dealer next, manufacturer rather, — the greatest, (*sot-disant*) *de l'univers*: Lord Ashburton in want of such things went in, I with him, and we walked through various long suites of *pendules*, *statuettes*, *chandeliers*, &c. &c., — an ardent, greedy, acrid-looking person (he of "l'univers") escorting us; almost frantic with the desire to *sell* to a milord for money. A vehement lean creature, evidently of talent in his kind, and of an eagerness — I have not seen such an hungry pair of eyes. We bought nothing; I would not have had a gift of anything I saw there; — the best *de l'univers*: "*tantis non ego*!" Out at last, and I decided not to enter any other, but to sit outside and smoke. Next place, a still finer *bronze* concern; *indisputably* *de l'univers*, — but I wouldn't enter; sat smoking pleasantly in an old quaint street (*Quartier du Temple* somewhere) for three-quarters of an hour, and bought a glass of *vin ordinaire* (td.) in the interim, and another for *cocher*, who seemed charmed and astonished. That suited me better than bronzes. But Lord Ashburton did buy a pendule and some fire or hearth apparatus here, all being so extremely good, and the chief man of the establishment, whom I soon after saw at the *Hôtel Meurice* delivering his goods, seemed to me again a decidedly clever, sagacious, courageous, broad, and energetic man. *Mem.* I had been in a *Bookseller's* (on Saturday), the cut of whose face indicated some talent, and a similar *sincerity* of greed and eagerness. A reflection rose gradually that *here*, in the industrial class, is the real backbone of French society; the truly ingenious and strong men of France are *here*, making money, — while the politician, &c., &c., class is mere play-actorism, and will *go to the devil* by and bye! "Assuredly," as Mahomet says. — We returned by *Marché des Innocents*, by Rue St. Honoré and many streets, which to look upon was a real drama to me, — so many queer stone objects, queer flesh-and-blood ones, seen just once and never again at all! Home about 5, to dine with Lady Sandwich at 7; I flung myself on bed, and actually caught a few minutes of sleep.

Lady Sandwich's dinner was wholly in the French fashion, this was its whole result for me, — to see such a thing *once*. Company, besides us two who entered first: Marquis Villa-real, a thick Portuguese man with big hoary head, and bor-

ing black eyes (glitter of black *glass*), a sturdy man, long ambassador in England — spoke English — had he had anything to say for me: M. and Mme. Thiers, madame a brunette of forty, pretty enough of her kind, an insignificant kind, hardly spoke with her; lastly, a Scotch Miss Ellice ("Bear's"); and our two "distinctions," Mérimée and Laborde, with a Comte (something) Roget, a poor thin man with two voices, bass and treble alternating, who said almost nothing with either of them. Kickshaws, out of which I gathered a slice of undone beef, wines enough, out of which a drop of good sherry and tumbler of *vin ordinaire*; talk worth nothing, tolerable only had one *not* been obliged to manufacture French. Women and men together, all suddenly rise from table, pushing back their chairs with *fracas*; then to the drawing-room for coffee and talk with Thiers and Mérimée, who said or could say nothing notable, heartily glad to get away, with twenty drops of some soporific liquid ("jeremy" a laudanum preparation) from the good old lady which was to make me *sleep*. Eheu! — Mérimée sat again in the drawing-room at Meurice's; got upon German literature: "Jean Paul, a hollow fool of the first magnitude;" "Goethe the *best*, but insignificant, unintelligible, a paltry kind of scribe *mangué* (as it seemed):" — "I could stand no more of it, but lighted a cigar and adjourned to the street. "You impertinent blasphemous blockhead!" this was sticking in my throat; better to retire without bringing it out! such was the sin of *the Jews*, thought I; the assay of so much that goes on still, "crucify *him*, he is naught!" — for which they still sell "old clothes." Good-humored banter on my return in, Mérimée being gone: then to bed, — and sleep, alas! no sleep at all! A plunging and careering through chaos and cosmos, through life and through death, all things high and low huddled tragically together; now in my poor room at Scotsbrig (so quiet *there*, beside my poor old mother!), now at Chelsea, now beyond the moon: I did not sleep till six, and then hardly for an hour, such the noises, such my nerves. The "jeremy" (ten drops of it) had rather done me mischief, the other ten I poured out of window. Towards morning one practical thought rose in me, that I could get *home again in a day*; that I had no work here, and ought to get home! Out after eight, up Rue de la Paix, down towards Obelisk of Luxor again; bought an *indicateur des Chemins de Fer*. It was settled at break-

fast that Lord Ashburton should go with me *on Thursday*. — the Lady to stay behind till Saturday, while her cold mended, and then come. *Très bien*. Lady Sandwich has a *second* dinner for us to-day; out of which I apologise; to dine simply at *four*, and will keep myself peaceably at home. [Pause *here*: have to go to the Strand with an umbrella! Monday, 6 Oct., 1851.]

Tuesday, 30 September, after breakfast (*then, I think*) call on the Brownings, very sorry they that I am bound for home perhaps to-morrow, at any rate next day; will come to them to tea "if possible." At Meurice's, Mérimée again to take Lord Ashburton to some show of ancient armor: I decline to go; stay there, and lounge in talk with Lady Ashburton, who knits. "Attaché to French Embassy," name forgotten or never known, thin, half-squinting, insignificant, brown-skinned young Parisian; — I go out to call on Lady Sandwich; dinner in prospect there, and lamentations over mine and everybody's sickness. Dine at 4, on frugal starved beef with one glass of sherry; Lord Ashburton to dine below with certain Bruces (Lord Aylesbury's son and *femme* who is Sidney Herbert's sister) who are just come: enter said Lady Bruce, pretty but *unbedeutend*; enter Bruce, big nose, English noisy say-nothing; enter finally an Englishman who knows me, whom I cannot recollect to know, who proves at last to be *Sheridan* (Mrs. Norton's brother): talkee, talkee, *nichts zu bedeuten*. I withdraw to Browning's before seven. Great welcome there; and tea in quiet; Browning gives me (being cunningly led to it) copious account of the late "revolutions" at Florence, — such a fantastic piece of Drury-lane "revolution" as I have seldom heard of. With all such "revolutions" may the devil swiftly fly away! Home soon after ten; remember nothing of what I found there; — to bed, and happily get some reasonable sleep. Weather has now broken into showers. Lady Sandwich's dinner (an *English* party in honor of us) has consisted mainly of Sir (is he that?) Henry Bulwer, whom I never saw and care little about seeing.

Wednesday morning, damp walk; Nero's *collar and string* (gift for my wife), at the top of Rue de la Paix: cigars a little farther on, one or two, — very *bad*, dear as in England. Settled *now* that Lord Ashburton is to go with me to-morrow, through in one day; the Lady to wait "till Saturday" when probably she will be able to follow. *Très bien*. Donothingism for

a while; then out to see *Champ de Mars* again; *Hôtel des Invalides* by the way; curious *hawker* (in good clothes, like a kind of gentleman) selling steel pens on Pont Royal: he wrote like a Butterworth, — poor soul, no better trade! *Invalides* and barracks in front near by very striking. Multitudes of *blind* old soldiers. *Promenade des Aveugles*; place nothing like so *clean* as Chelsea; cannons round it, chimney tops, &c., shaped (I thought) like a kind of fantastic *helmet*; figure of Napoleon in inner court: — very well. Through dull streets, with some trees, to *Ecole Militaire* and grand review in Champ de Mars. Poor Champ de Mars, in a very dilapidated, unswept, and indeed quite ugly condition! Federation "30 feet" of mound is sunk to eight or ten (as I said above), is torn through in many places, is untrimmed, sordid, everywhere, — the place (perhaps 100 acres or more) is altogether dusty, disorderly, waste and ugly. If Federation slope were to be completed, trimmed, and kept *green* with the trees on it; if *any* order or care were shown. — But there is none of that kind, there or anywhere. What strikes you in all public places first is the dirt, the litter of dust, fallen leaves or whatever there may be. Review going on, worth little: finer *men* than common about the streets, with these strange *bellows*-shaped red trousers (tight over the hips, tight at ankles; intermediately *wide* as petticoats), with their straight, pinched blue coats and ridiculous flower-pot caps; good middle-sized, well-grown men many of them; they were marching, going on in *detail*, some resting, not many together anywhere: hardly worth above a glance or two. Passy and Chaillot looked very beautiful across the river. Troops now began to take up position and *fire*, — burn the Republic's gunpowder. I went my way; inquired of an oldish soldier (not Invalid) about the populous heights to westwards: it was "Sèvres"; St. Cloud not quite visible here; this is the *Pont de Jéna* (old soldier, very civil and talkative). I *cross* by Pont Jéna; ascend through dirty little tea-garden groves into Passy, sit down there among wilderness of stones (new *unused* mason stones), and smoke, looking over a pleasant view of some wing of Paris, the noise from Champ de Mars growing louder and louder — to the waste of the Republic powder. Passy, Chaillot, suburban village street; very quiet, in spite of an omnibus or two; exotic of aspect, worth walking alone. Arc de l'Etoile again; still enough to-day when there is

no Hippodrome. Rain begins in the Champs Elysées; call on Lady Sandwich; home to dinner, by the arcades, in decided rain. Comte (something) Roget is there; has been speaking of Abbés, Abbé Gondy, &c., is getting himself delicately quizzed, I perceive. "*Jeunesse dorée jeunesse argenté*, — des bottes," — in fine M. le Comte, who is a very weak brother, hastens to take himself away, feeling not at ease here. Dinner (*bad* mutton-chop, — useless wretched "cookery" all along, to *my* poor experience), then half dress a little, a dinner is to be here at 7. Thiers and the two *inevitables* (Mérimée and Laborde); I decided to vanish to Browning's in the interim. At Browning's vague talk, kind enough; take leave, and home soon after 9. Prints, I had been surveying two large batches of Bookseller's Prints, "on approb"; — marking the defects, &c. Did not go up to the three strangers all at once; duly by degrees shook hands with the two inevitables (who staid late, clatter-clattering); Thiers, in about half an hour, glided out without any speech with me. I am told that he is jealous that I respect him insufficiently! Poor little soul, I have no pique at him whatsoever; and of the three, or indeed of known Frenchmen (Guizot included) consider him much the best man. A healthy human animal, with due *braverism* (high and low), due *bulkinism*, or *more* than due; in fine a *healthy* creature, and without any "conscience," good or bad. Whereas, Guizot — I find him a solemn intriguant, an Inquisitor-Tartuffe, gaunt, hollow, resting on the everlasting No, with a haggard consciousness that it ought to be the everlasting Yea: to me an extremely detestable kind of man. So I figure him, — from his books and aspect, and avoided to speak with him while he was last here. Heaven forgive me if I do the poor man a wrong; practically I have only to *avoid* him, that is all. To poor Thiers I have sent compliments (if such be *due* at all) since my return; part with him in peace.

The inevitables are not interesting; at length they go their ways: and now it palpably turns out, Lord Ashburton is *not* going to-morrow morning, feels better, and ought to stay for Lady Ashburton! Heavy news for my poor fancy (shuddering at a French journey); but how could I deny that the measure was perfectly reasonable; that, in fact, the poor ailing lady *ought* to have some escort. I must go myself, then; must part and shave this night, be called to-morrow at 6½: "adieu, madame!" Lord Ashburton walks with me while I

smoke in Place Vendôme; will see me on the morrow (but doesn't); lends me two gold sovereigns: Good-night! Packing, shaving, fiddling hither and thither: it is past one o'clock before I get to bed; and then there are many *noises* (some strange enough) to start and again start me: at length, in spite of *fate*, sink into chaotic sleep, and lie so till Mason ("groom of chambers," valet long known) calls me: quarter to 7: up, and not a minute lost!

Thursday morning (2 Oct. 1851). Swift, swift! The little brown valet has coffee ready; I can eat only a cubic inch of bread, half *drink* a small egg; drink nearly all the hot milk: that is my five-minutes' breakfast in the deadly press of hurry; then into a *fiacre*, *laquais de place* volunteering to attend me,—and so away! Early French streets; some "Place de Lafayette" (so far as I could read), then Terminus, still in good time,—but such a bustle, such a fuss and uproar for half an hour to come! Tickets, *dear* (some £2 12s.), and difficult extremely, then *sliding* of your luggage *en queue* along a lid counter (to be weighed), and quarrels about it; ohone, ohone! *laquais* and *fiacre* cost me $3\frac{1}{2} + 1\frac{1}{2} = 5$ francs. Luggage (mistaken, I believe, after all) is $1\frac{1}{2}$ franc + endless, maddening botheration. At length you *are* admitted, hardly find a place; and so away! Eight of us inside: two John Bulls (one with toothache and afraid of air); one fat Frenchwoman, very sad-looking; then I, opposite, *young* John Bull, and snappish old-young English lady; at the extreme right two French exhibitioners: have to fight for *air*, but get it,—then hold my peace as much as possible: "*Madame, cela finira; cela ne durera pas à tout jamais!*" We are quiet to one another, and no incivility occurs. "Auteuil," said my French neighbor on the right, an oldish, common-place, innocent man; then "Montmorenci"; country very beautiful here; grows gradually less so; "Pontoise," and still uglier flat, bare country, gradually after which quite flat, bare, ill-tilled, and ugly, and so continues. At "Arras" (you can *see* nothing of it, or of anything: a mere open, barren flat, and a meagre little barrack of a station-house built), get a bun and glass of *vin ordinaire*,—this was all my food till England. "Amiens" (nothing visible); "Lille" (ugly waste station-house): on, on, Oh let it end! Country all *flat*; *flax* with ditches: *haricots* in upright bundles with a stick in each; *spade* husbandry (man digging), careful culture hereabouts;

pleasant-looking villages on the higher ground towards the sea; some trees, very feeble; broad level railway course, often straight as a line; not one tunnel from Paris. Short battering shower or two, then again bright weather. Thank Heaven, Calais *at last*. Passport showing; crowded botheration, steamer overflowing (German, Italian, French), in the end we do get under way,—have seen *nothing* of Calais but the harbor and some of the steeple-tops: is not that a beautiful way of travelling?

Our passage was of two hours, rather pitching, cold wind, once a violent shower of rain: "Hoahh—ohh!" frequent and sordid; couldn't think of smoking; *stood* mainly. Stewards abundantly humane; one poor German lay half-dead; two hundred of us or more,—Dover in the damp, gusty twilight; and at length squeeze out. "Commissioner of Gun Tavern," one *can* get refreshment along then! Brandy and water and beef-steak, in the dirty coffee-room of Gun Tavern,—extremely welcome in fine, and beneficial India captain talking as he ate, foolish old Lancashire steam machinist (from Lago Maggiore region) answering loudly, foolishly. Commissioner has *done* my trunk: "two-franc piece" (what you please),—no likelihood of starting "for an hour yet," so *many* are we. Get my wetted (not dried) topcoat. Somebody has stolen three good cigars; happily nothing else. Station-house, and place myself; can't *see* trunk, have to believe it right (and it proves so). Fat Frenchwoman lands beside me again. Young English-Belgian tourists (seemingly), three young men, one ditto woman; silly all, and afraid of air. Off, at last, thank Heaven! By the shore, cliffs, and sea to Folkestone; *we* have no lamp (so *many* in train), after Folkestone, thanks to beef-steak and extremity of fatigue, I fall *asleep* (never the like in a railway before); half-waken twice, to pull down the window (which is always pulled up again straightway); awaken wholly, and it is London Bridge! Admirable silence, method and velocity here. They keep us standing some ten minutes, tickets got, trunks are all laid *out* in an enclosure under copious light; "Tiens, je vois déjà ma malle!" exclaims Monsieur: as might I, and others. Near midnight, through muddy rains, am home safe,—scarce credible!—and have as it were *slept* ever since. Oh the joy of being home again, home and silent! No Ashburton come yet: weather wet. *Finis.* 7 Oct., 1851.

From Temple Bar.
INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A
NATURALIST.

BY MRS. ANDREW CROSSE.

NATURE'S best-loved children, above all, those to whom she reveals her secrets, are seldom the favorites of fortune. This was the case with Philip Gosse, the naturalist, who made his early experiences of life under the trials and troubles attendant upon genteel poverty. The family tradition of "better days" could hardly do more than deepen, by contrast, the difficulties of his thrifty mother in making both ends meet, in the modest household where the future scientist spent his youth.

In the interesting biography of Mr. Gosse, lately given to the world by his son, we are led to see how the untoward circumstances of poverty, and the drudgery of an uncongenial occupation, were alike surmounted and turned aside by the strong instinct of a powerful mind seeking its true vocation in life.

Philip Gosse was born at Worcester in 1810, but his family removed the following year to Poole, in Dorsetshire, where his father's sister, the mother of Thomas Bell, the zoologist, had long been established.

Poole was then in the full tide of its prosperity, owing to the Newfoundland fishing trade, which gave wealth to the Newmans, Slades, and other west country families. This trade declined after the fall of the first Napoleon, and has now become nearly extinct; but the town has found a new industry, in its export of Potter's clay to Seville, Stockholm, and Dordt. In what are called "the good old days," this neighborhood was the centre of extensive smuggling transactions, which had the effect of breeding up a daring and turbulent population. An old doggrel says:—

If Poole was a fish-pool, and the men of
Poole—fish,
There'd be a pool for the devil, and fish for
his dish.

The so-called "free trade" in Dorsetshire was the more difficult to suppress, because it was winked at very considerably by many persons of good position. The writer remembers some old folks who felt a pride in telling how "Squire never troubled if the horses were taken out of the stable on a moonless night, and were found next morning with their fetlocks thick in mud, as if the devil himself had ridden them." Nor was it believed that the said justice of the peace asked any inconven-

ient questions about the keg of French brandy that was usually found after such occurrences, beneath the straw in a corner of the stable.

The traditions of Poole had, besides, a romantic record of buccaneering exploits; and during the Civil Wars the Puritan townfolk distinguished themselves by defeating Lord Inchiquin and his Irish regiment, and capturing Prince Rupert's treasure, that was being despatched to Weymouth. In the beginning of this century, the political Puritanism of earlier times survived in the strong religious dogmatism of Nonconformity—and it was this spirit that young Philip Gosse assimilated, in all its zealous intensity and in its intellectual limitations. Side by side with spiritual convictions that at times overshadowed his life, it is curious to trace the lad's growing devotion to natural history; with the instinct strong within him, he sought for teaching in the woods and streams, where at the bend of the river the water-lilies grew thickest—or on the wide heath, where the murmurous hum of insects made a music that he loved. In penury and disappointment, in days of hope and in hours of despair, this genuine love of nature was the safeguard of his youth and the solace of his old age.

Ruskin somewhere remarks "on the benefits of a totally neglected education," and we may remember that Sir Humphry Davy attributed the peculiar application of his talents, in fact his success in life, to the circumstance of his being sent to a school where the master neglected his duties, and where he, as a child, was left very much to himself. Philip Gosse was another example of the advantages which some natures derive from the best process of education, that of self-teaching; one year at a grammar school at Blandford was all the serious instruction the lad ever received.

At fifteen, he began to make his own living as a junior clerk in a counting-house at Poole. Two years later, in 1827, young Gosse was drafted off, much against his own inclination, to a commercial house in Newfoundland. On the voyage out he quickly developed his rare faculty of observation—nothing escaped him; and he set himself the task of keeping an illustrated natural history journal. Whales spouting, petrels, boatswain birds, and the visits of the gorgeous Portuguese men-o'-war (*Physalia*) were all carefully noted down by the pencil of the eager observer, who made himself, in course of time, a most finished and accurate draughtsman.

He had a hereditary right to this talent, for his father was a miniature painter.

Arriving at Carbonear, Philip Gosse settled down at once to his uncongenial office work, which only a strong sense of duty made endurable, through the weary eight years that he was destined to spend in Newfoundland. His love of animals, great and small, especially for anything curious, soon became known, and the good-tempered sailors, with whom he was acquainted, would bring him from time to time specimens of oddities that they met with in their voyages. He interested himself about the habits of the seal and other animals. Among his notes, there is a curious account of a regular game of play which the otters in this high latitude carry on amongst themselves.

It chanced, during a foot journey that Gosse made, that an old trapper, who was acting as his guide, pointed out to him "the otter slides" on the steep slope of a bank.

These slides were as smooth and slippery as glass, caused by the otters sliding on them in play in the following manner: Several of these amusing creatures combine to select a suitable spot. Then each in succession lying flat on his belly, from the top of the bank slides swiftly down over the snow and plunges into the water. The others follow while he crawls up the bank at some distance, and running round to the sliding-place takes his turn again to perform the same evolution as before. The wet running from their bodies freezes on the surface of the slide, and so the snow becomes a smooth gutter of ice. This sport the old trapper had frequently seen continued with the utmost eagerness and with every demonstration of delight, for hours together.

In reference to the idea that set games are played by animals the writer may mention a curious incident, witnessed by the late Andrew Crosse, at his residence on the Quantock hills. Looking one day from his laboratory window into a courtyard that was remote from any disturbance, he there saw a robin, dragging the apparently dead body of another robin, round and round in a circle, on the paved court. After continuing this strange proceeding several times, the mimic Achilles, with the corpse of the feathered Hector at his heels, stopped suddenly in his circuit round the fancied walls of Troy, and as suddenly threw himself on his back as if stark dead, with half-distended wings and rigid, up-turned legs. Meanwhile the other robin, the seeming victim of a cruel triumph, woke up to full life, and seizing upon his companion, dragged him, in

his turn, repeatedly round and round the mystic circle. The game ended, and both birds flew off together to the neighboring trees.

During the earlier years of Philip Gosse's residence in Newfoundland, he had no settled plan in his natural history studies; he loved all things, both great and small, that appertained to the inferior creation, and a mere accident at length determined the nature of his researches. He chanced to be at an auction, where he had the opportunity of purchasing for ten shillings Adam's "Essay on the Microscope." The possession of this volume formed an epoch in his life; it had the effect of concentrating his interest on entomology, and finally leading him to microscopic zoology, the field of his most original and permanent contributions to science.

Newfoundland yielded but a poor harvest of butterflies, moths, and beetles—still there were some to be found, and with these he began his collection. Fortunately, about this time, after an absence of some years, he was enabled to take a summer holiday, returning for a few weeks to his home in dear old Dorsetshire. In describing a walk round the familiar haunts the day after his arrival, he says:—

I was brimful of happiness. The beautiful and luxuriant hedgerows; the mossy gnarled oaks; the fields; the flowers; the pretty warbling birds; the blue sky and bright sun; the dancing butterflies—it seemed to my enchanted senses, just come from dreary Newfoundland, that I was in Paradise. How I love to recall every little incident connected with that first morning's excursion!—the poor brown crane-fly, which was the first English insect I caught; the little grey moth under the oaks, at the end of the last field; the meadow where the *Satyridæ* were sporting on the sunny bank; the heavy fat *Musca* in Hechfordfield hedge, which I in my ignorance called a *Bombylius*, and the consequent display of entomological lore manifested all that day by the family, who frequently repeated the sounding words—"Bombylius bee-fly."

This bright glimpse of England, and the collecting possibilities, in hedgerows teeming with insect life, was to be of the briefest. The poor clerk had to return to his office work, and to the still more distasteful duty of counting the seal pelts, as the cargoes were discharged. In the midst of all this, Gosse kept up his practice of recording every fact connected with natural history; this included a meteorological journal. In 1833, he began to fill a volume with drawings of extreme accu-

racy, illustrating the entomology of the country. As some of the figures were magnified, he needed a microscope. He had brought back from Poole two lenses, which he contrived to mount in bone; this lens, neatly set in putty, was the only microscope he was able to procure for many years.

This interesting biography affords a curious picture of Newfoundland as it was socially half a century ago. Philip Gosse had known from the time of his first settling there, that the Irish element was a thorn in the side of the law-abiding and loyal section of the colonists. But in the winter of 1833, the same year in which the naturalist had been adding three hundred and eighty-eight species of insects to his collection, party spirit ran higher than it had ever done before. Protestants went in mortal fear, for the Irish everywhere vastly outnumbered them, and were striving to gain a monopoly of political power. The editor of the *Public Ledger*, a Protestant paper, had been advocating the colonial cause with much courage and ability, and for this he was greatly hated by the Irish, who revenged themselves in the following characteristic manner.

Mr. Henry Winton, the editor in question, was a young man of great spirit, and generally liked; and was, moreover, a friend of Gosse's, sharing in many of his religious views. Careless of danger, Winton was returning one night alone from Carbonear to Harbor Grace, after transacting business at the former place — when, as Gosse describes: —

He was suddenly seized in a lonely spot by a set of fellows, who pinioned him, while one of their party cut off both his ears. This outrage created an immense sensation, and caused a sort of terror among the loyalists. A perfunctory inquiry was made, but the Irish influence prevented it from being carried far. It was soon known that the mutilation was the act of a Dr. Molley, a surgeon, of Carbonear, but he escaped all punishment.

The increasing ill-feeling of the Irish towards their fellow-colonists made life more and more unpleasant for the English in Newfoundland. This fact, together with the growing conviction felt by Gosse that the commercial house with which he was connected was in itself less prosperous, and offered him no future, decided him to leave the colony and seek his fortune elsewhere. In the end he determined to throw in his chance with some friends, whose religious views were the same as his own, and who were going to try farming in Canada — so thither he went. It

was summer, and at first he was delighted with the place where they settled, "on account of the profusion of butterflies." It has been said that the geology of a district is indicated by its entomology, but it is to be feared that Gosse thought little enough of the subsoil. He and his friend Mr. Jacques brought a surprising amount of ignorance to the work they had in hand. For three years they toiled and struggled against adverse circumstances, but the only success was the butterflies. In the intellectual isolation of this period of his life, Gosse was thrown more and more on the companionship of nature. What had been a pastime became now the main resource and consolation of his mental activity. Nor were these years so barren of result as they seemed; the work of close observation, of unflagging industry in the pursuit of zoology, formed the basis of the laborer's future renown and achievement. The harvest of those years of apparent failure was reaped in 1840, when Gosse's first published volume, "*The Canadian Naturalist*," made its appearance. But even when his present outlook was depressing in the extreme, there were moments of enjoyment. If he sighed as a farmer, he rejoiced as a naturalist in the vivid life both of fauna and flora in the uncleared forests of Canada. In his home letters he describes the country as charming in the summer. With a touch of humor he says: —

You asked me if I had shot any turkeys or deer; you know not how good a shot I am. I have shot at a squirrel three times successively without doing him any "bodily harm" — without even the satisfaction of the Irish sportsman who made the bird — "lave that, any way" — for the squirrel would not leave the tree, but continued chattering and scolding me all the time.

By the spring of 1838, Gosse had so impoverished himself by farming, that in despair he sold off everything. Of course he realized far less than he expected, in fact the result was deplorable. "He was now twenty-eight years of age, and he was not possessed, when all his property was sold, of so many pounds." He now resolved to go to Alabama; he had the idea of setting up there as a schoolmaster; anyhow, he would have the chance of looking upon the richer life and more varied vegetation of the sunny south. It was a wholly nebulous conception practically considered, but the instinct of the naturalist drew him thither, and he went.

Though sad of heart and empty in pocket, the world was full of interest to

Gosse; even his passage from Philadelphia to Mobile, in the dirtiest of boats, with the most churlish of skippers, who hated him as a "Britisher," afforded him pleasure. When he entered the Gulf Stream, all discomforts were forgotten in the amusement of fishing up some of the gulf-weed, which was covered with all manner of small creatures. Many of these, he says in his diary, he preserved for a while in sea-water, to watch their motions and ways. This was probably the initial idea of the aquarium. In all his researches, Gosse preferred to investigate the problem of life in the lower forms of creation, and to study the habits of living creatures—rather than to accumulate specimens for the closed cases of a museum.

The voyage in the dirty schooner had lasted four weeks, when, on turning a sandy cape covered with pine-trees, the city of Mobile came into sight. Here Gosse made the last entry in his diary, written while afloat; it is sad enough. He writes:—

Drawing so near to the time on which hangs my fate, my means nearly exhausted, and uncertain what success I may meet with, I have been all day oppressed with that strange faintness, a sickness of heart, which always comes over me on the eve of any expected conjunction.

A fortunate accident, which reads almost like an incident in fiction, brought Gosse into communication with a fellow passenger on board the river steamer in which he embarked after leaving Mobile. This fellow passenger turned out to be the Honorable Chief-Justice Saffold, who was on his way to his estate at Dallas. Curiously enough, he was at the moment wanting a master for a school composed of his own sons, and the sons of some of his neighbor proprietors. Here was the very man he was seeking; Gosse had made a favorable impression on his chance acquaintance; the bargain was struck there and then, with the promptness peculiar to colonials. Within an hour, the steamer dropped Gosse and his luggage at the solitary landing-place—nearest to Dallas; the chief-justice had business further up the river, so he left the new schoolmaster to find his way as best he could to the village of Mount Pleasant. After some comical experiences, he found lodgings in this place—but the school-house, a rough shanty of unhewn logs, was situated some way off in a romantic spot, a clearing in the forest with two noble oaks left for shade. The furniture was of split pine boards, unsawn and un-

planed, and the boys were almost as rough as their surroundings; but they soon grew to be fond of their "strange, insect-collecting, animal-loving master," and before long formed themselves into a volunteer corps of collectors.

To the naturalist himself, it was like a transformation scene—to feel at rest, his daily bread assured, and to see himself surrounded by all the gorgeous luxuriance of a southern clime, after being so long a dweller in northern latitudes.

It is a curious fact, remarked by Gosse as well as others, that many wild animals forsake the interior recesses of the forest to approach the habitation of the gun-carrier, man.

The writer has received personal assurance that the bears of the Tatra Mountains, in northern Hungary, will descend into the plain and cross the railway lines to feed in the fields of ripe maize. Their love of raspberries, too, is well known; on one occasion a bear intruded on a peasant woman, who was gathering this fruit on the slopes of the Tatra; she threw down the basket, and fled in haste; but bruin intended no personal violence, he made no attempt to follow her, but simply regaled himself with the contents of her basket.

In Alabama, Gosse remarked that squirrels mostly abounded on the confines of the cultivated districts. In that part of the world they are made into excellent pies; but they seemed willing to pay their tribute to the planter's table, as long as they could disport themselves in the corn-fields. They carry on their depredations from the time the grain is forming in the sheath, till it is ripe to be housed—and they waste more than they eat.

While Philip Gosse was teaching the boys in the log-hut, and learning his own lessons from nature in the wilds—this squirrel nuisance became acute. The mischief they did to the crops was very serious indeed; and all efforts at keeping them under proved unavailing; there was, in short, a perfect plague of squirrels. At this juncture, a fellow from the North sent round an announcement that he would give a lecture on an infallible preventive to the depredations of the squirrels. Planters eagerly assembled from all sides, and though a considerable entrance-fee was charged, the room was crowded—Gosse being among the number. The lecturer, who had a plausible manner, occupied some time in describing the mischief wrought by the squirrels, and the difficulty of coping with them. It required no

lecturer to tell this to the unfortunate planters.

At last, he approached the real kernel of his oration. "You wish," he said, "to hear my infallible preventive, the absolute success of which I am able to guarantee. Gentlemen, I have observed that the squirrels invariably begin their attacks *on the outside row* of corn in the field. *Omit the outside row*, and they won't know where to begin!" The money was in his pocket; he bowed and vanished by the platform door; his horse was tied to a post, he leaped into the saddle and was seen no more in that credulous settlement. The act was one of extreme courage as well as impudence in that land of ready lynching; but after the first murmur of stupefaction and roar of anger, the disappointed audience dissolved into the most good-humored laughter at themselves.

The laughter and good humor evinced on this occasion was by no means the characteristic of social life in Alabama, as Gosse himself was destined to discover. Before long he was made to feel, in spite of the easy hospitality that had, so to speak, given him a free pass into their midst, that if he did not in all things accept their ways and their institutions, he was but a stranger in the land — a stranger of suspicious political opinions, who dared to be critical, and must be suppressed. Even what they called his "British brogue" was an offence, for the planters spoke with another accent. He was frequently taunted with the prophecy, insisted on with rancorous feeling, that "America would shortly whip the British," and political discussion became impossible. But the greatest discomfort of his position arose from the horrors he was forced to witness in the punishments inflicted on the unhappy slaves; especially during the bustle of cotton-picking. The southerners were so jealous at that time of any foreign strictures upon their "domestic institution," that Gosse had reason to believe that his correspondence was examined to ascertain if he touched upon the question of slavery in his letters. In daily life, there was nothing for his righteous indignation but a heart-sickening silence. He records how —

The shrieks of women under the cow-hide whip, cynically plied in the very courtyard beneath his windows at night, would make him almost sick with distress and impotent anger; he tried to stuff up his ears to deaden the sound of the agonizing cries which marked the conventional progress of this very peculiar "domestic institution."

In the late autumn Gosse had an attack of malarial fever, which completely pros-

trated him for the time; and his employers taking advantage of his illness as an excuse, superseded him in his post. This does not give one a very pleasant idea of the "Southern gentlemen" on whom the English lavished a good deal of sympathy in the late war.

Philip Gosse now bade adieu to the New World, where his varied experiences had brought him little besides disappointment and failure. After a brief visit to Dorsetshire we find him, in the summer of 1839, in London, casting about for the means of subsistence. The sale of his natural history collections afforded him some aid; and fortunately he had preserved the manuscript of the "Canadian Naturalist." This was now his one and only chance; and after several vain attempts at preaching for absent ministers, and teaching flower-painting to young ladies, he resolved to show his manuscript to his cousin, Mr. Thomas Bell, whose work on the "British Quadrupeds," in 1837, had given him a considerable reputation as a naturalist. Contrary to Gosse's expectations — for he was utterly without hope or courage in this literary venture — his cousin was pleased with the work, and strongly recommended it to Mr. Van Voorst, the scientific publisher. This gentleman subsequently appointed a day for Gosse to call upon him.

Meanwhile [says his biographer] the shillings, nursed as they might be, were slipping, slipping away. The practice of going once a day to a small eating-house had to be abandoned, and instead of it, a herring was eaten as slowly as possible in the dingy attic . . . At last the day broke on which Mr. Van Voorst's answer was to be given, and with as much of the gentleman about him as he could recover, the proud and starving author presented himself in Paternoster Row. He was no longer feeling any hope, but merely the extremity of dejection and disgust. The wish to be out again in the street with his miserable roll of manuscript in his hands, was the emotion uppermost in his mind. The publisher began slowly: "I like your book; I shall be pleased to publish it; I will give you one hundred guineas for it." One hundred guineas! It was Peru and half the Indies! The reaction was so violent, that the demure and ministerial looking youth, closely buttoned up in his worn broadcloth, broke down utterly into hysterical sob upon sob, while Mr. Van Voorst — murmuring "My dear young man! My dear young man!" — hastened out to fetch wine, and minister to wants which it was beyond the power of pride to conceal any longer.

A very fair amount of success attended the publication of the "Canadian Natural-

ist," but as yet the author did not perceive that his true vocation was scientific literature. His morbid religious views often depressed and trammelled the free exercise of his mind; the sedentary life in a town invariably threw his thoughts inwards, with an injurious result upon his spiritual vision. He, like many another, needed an open-air life for the proper adjustment of his faculties; he was always at his best, intellectually, when seeking the truth from nature at first hand.

Since his return to England, Gosse had been diligently pursuing the work of self-education, mainly in the direction of natural history; but so diffident was he, at first, that he could hardly be persuaded to undertake the writing of an "Introduction to Zoology," proposed to him by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The preparation of these two volumes, for which he received £170, took Gosse very frequently to the British Museum, and led to his making many valuable acquaintances among other men of science. It was a wholly new and a very delightful sensation, this intellectual sympathy, which now warmed the reserved man into something like geniality with his fellows.

Hitherto, buffeted by fortune, nature had been his only friend — perhaps, therein lay his strength. To Philip Gosse's honor it must be mentioned, that the first use he made of his improved finances was to offer a home to his aged parents; his father, a man who had always been hopelessly at odds with fortune, was now in his seventy-eighth year and a confirmed invalid. A modest dwelling was found in Kentish Town, with the advantage of a long garden behind, and beyond waste fields, stretching away to the north. One night Gosse had fastened a bull's-eye lantern to a tree, watching for night moths when he suddenly found himself "run in" by a couple of zealous constables, to whom he had some difficulty in explaining the fact that his strange occupation was entirely law-abiding.

In 1843 Gosse turned his attention to a new branch of natural history — the deep-sea fauna; and the result was the production of one of his most popular books, "The Ocean." While this was going through the press, he set off again on his travels; this time to Jamaica; going thither to collect objects, generally of zoological interest. He remained on the island eighteen months, a period of great refreshment of spirit, though he was disappointed in the insects, butterflies and

moths being rare. In consequence of this, he turned his attention to the birds; and having by this time become a very fair shot, he had no trouble in making good his collection. During the tropical rains, he describes himself as hard at work; drying and packing his plants, preparing his birds, wrapping up his orchids, cleansing his shells, and packing them generally for transmission to his sale agent in London. Gosse's description of riding off before daybreak into the forest, is infectious in its enthusiasm; and we are made partakers in his deep joy at the glowing tints of dawn, which chase the shadows from the mountain-side, and awake all that abounding gladness of life which hails the brightness of a tropical sun.

He was accompanied in these expeditions by a negro lad named Sam, whose intelligence became so developed during his few months of service, that he could be trusted to make collecting expeditions by himself, and he succeeded in procuring not a few unique specimens. His memory with respect to species was remarkable.

Often and often [says Mr. Gosse] when a thing has appeared to me new, I have appealed to Sam, who on a moment's examination would reply, "No, we took this, in such a place, or on such a day;" and I invariably found on my return home that his memory was correct.

To the naturalist's regret, the time had now arrived for him to leave Jamaica, and in August, 1846, he took his passage in a homeward-bound steamer. The vessel stopped for a few hours at San Juan, Porto Rico, and the passengers availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing the town. With the exception of Gosse, the whole party visited the cathedral; but it was characteristic of this strangely prejudiced and intolerant man, that he would never under any consideration enter what he called "a popish mass-house." Still more curious was the fact, that though a great lover of poetry, even including Byron, who in youth had first fired his love of literature, yet he would never read Shakespeare, because he was a playwright. Southey he liked, for, as he said, "he was the best naturalist among the English poets," and had described sea-anemones like a zoologist in "Thalaba." A further instance of the limitations imposed by the narrowness of Gosse's creed, occurs in one of his unpublished letters of a later date. His correspondent had probably referred to Tennyson's "Holy Grail," and remarked on the poetic influence of this "solemn and weighty legend.

To me [writes Mr. Gosse in his indignant reply] the "Holy Grail" is a solemn and weighty crime, resting on ages of deepest darkness and blackest evil, that ever were, for they were the ages of unchallenged dominion of Anti-Christ. This San grail is but an abbreviate form of sang real, "the real blood." The whole superstition rested on and embodied the abomination of trans-substantiation — the great diabolic engine by which the Papacy has maintained its dreadful dominion.

Fortunately for his own fame and the general good, the necessity at this period of earning his daily bread hindered Gosse from spending his militant efforts in driving non-elect souls from the errors of the Papacy. He returned from Jamaica to find himself in the full swing of successful scientific and literary work. The publication of his "Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica," and his "Birds of Jamaica," added greatly to his reputation. Gosse may now be said to have found his true vocation in life, which was no other than the popularization of science. It is familiar enough in our day, but he was the first who sent the learned and the unlearned to spend delightful hours on the seashore; and, as some one said, "invented a new pleasure" in the marine aquarium, which owed its complete realization to his ingenuity in applying the simple use of nature's own laws. The idea of maintaining the balance between animal and vegetable life on chemical principles, was not new — nothing is new! At the meeting of the British Association, in 1833, Daubeny read a suggestive paper on the action of light upon plants; he proved that light is a specific stimulus, keeping alive those functions from which the *assimilation of carbon* and the evolution of oxygen result. In truth this mother-thought, together with Priestley's earlier experiments on the emission of oxygen gas by plants, was unknown to Gosse when he began his independent researches. As a matter of fact, the idea of the aquarium formulated itself in his mind while he was investigating, by aid of the microscope, certain of the lower forms of life, notably the *rotifers*, those curiously conditioned wheel animalcules, which henceforth became his speciality, and formed his most important and enduring work as a scientist. The time when Gosse became one of nature's ablest interpreters to the uninitiated was, so to speak, the parting of the ways in respect to science; something of romance and wonderment, like a halo formed of the morning mist, still surrounded natural science, but henceforth the objects of re-

search were to be divided and subdivided into well-defined limitations. The naturalist who bade us view a whole world of complex beauty and varied interest, no more exists; but we have instead a host of specialists — there are mammologists, molluscologists, and ichthyologists — and a man must now devote himself to a restricted division of labor, and peg away for half a lifetime at spiders or sponges.

While working heartily and profitably at his profession, Philip Gosse had wisely taken unto himself a wife, a lady who not only shared his religious convictions, but whose talents and culture enabled her to assist him in his task of translating Ehrenberg's important work on the influence of fossil infusoria in building up the great globe itself. This happy marriage had taken place in 1848; a subsequent event is thus characteristically marked in the naturalist's diary: "E. delivered of a son. Received green swallow from Jamaica." Both entries proved of permanent interest; the "son" has become his father's biographer, and the "green swallow" reposes in perennial beauty behind a glass case in the South Kensington Museum.

After a long spell of hard work in London, Gosse's health compelled him, in 1852, to seek again the open-air life that was necessary to his well-being. The results of his visits to Babbacombe and Ilfracombe were given in that delightful volume, fragrant of tonic breezes, "A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast." Not only is "beauty enregistered in every nook" of woodland mystery, but it is to be found in many a pool left by the receding tide, where in the clear crystal may be seen the puckered fronds of the oar-weed, drooping beside the corolla-like crown of tentacles which form the feelers of some brilliant sea-anemone.

On one of his lonely rambles, Gosse came upon a large water-filled cavity in the rock, but which was too deep to be easily examined. Without a moment's hesitation the eager sportsman stripped as for a bath, and plunged into the cool reservoir. He was rewarded by finding "a madrepor of refulgent orange color, which proved to be the *Balanophyllia*, a fossil coral, whose existence with an actinia-like body of richly colored living flesh had never been suspected."

Gosse's researches at this period led to a redistribution of genera, and the naming of many new species of British sea-anemones. As an accurate and careful observer, he stands almost unrivalled among his fellow workers; and it is an interest-

ing fact that Dr. Herdman's recent biological researches on the *Adamsia palliata* — that curious anemone which strikes up a partnership with the hermit crab — have confirmed Mr. Gosse's original observations on these strange fellow-lodgers in the shell-house of the defunct whelk — observations made forty years earlier.

The widespread interest, indeed excitement, caused by the setting up of the splendid aquarium in the Zoological Gardens, is within the recollection of many of the less youthful among us. It afforded an excellent field for observing the habits of those curious and often beautiful creatures who inhabit the caves of ocean, and who would otherwise have remained unknown to us. As we are all aware, the aquarium became the fashion of the day. It was quite the exception for a drawing-room to be without its ornamental tank of marine creatures. Leech gave some delightful sketches in *Punch* on the fancy of the hour. Amongst them we may recall a "terrific accident," which was nothing less than the bursting of "Mrs. Twaddle's Aqua-Vivarium;" the water has deluged the carpet, and the lively crabs and livelier eels are scuttling about everywhere; with petticoats tucked up out of the wet, the old lady is vainly trying to catch the eel with the tongs! In another skit, Leech gives a very comical view of ladies young and old — at low water — stooping about in search of curios, and taking no thought of their ankles.

But, seriously speaking, the sea dredging was a most exciting occupation, for it became a matter of business with Gosse in 1853, when the Zoological Gardens expected a daily "bag" from their purveyor of living curiosities. With this object in view, he stayed a long while at Weymouth, always sailing with an old fisherman, named Jonas Fowler, who delighted to the end of his life to talk of how "me and Mr. Gosse went out dredging in the bay." He had re-christened his boat, calling it the *Turritella*, "just to astonish the fishermen, you know, sir." Mr. Gosse describes how Fowler became quite learned in the crackjaw nomenclature. He would say:—

Now, sir, if you do want a *gastrochæna*, I can just put down your dredge upon a lot o' 'em. I'm in hopes we shall have a good *cribella* or two off this bank, if we don't get choked up with them 'ere *ophiocomes*.

About this time, his friend Charles Kingsley had been urging Gosse to try Clovelly, and the latter replies:—

How pleasant it would be to have such a companion as yourself in the investigation of these prolific shores. I have sent up to London, this summer, nearly four thousand living animals and plants. Of course, many rarities and some novelties have occurred in such an amount of dredging and trawling as this involved.

Kingsley's review in the *North British*, of Gosse's extremely popular and often-quoted work — "The Aquarium" — was memorable for the fact of the review being subsequently enlarged into that charming little volume familiar to us as "Glaucus; or, The Wonders of the Shore."

Bowerbank had told Gosse that he would find "Tenby the prince of places for a naturalist," and thither the latter went in the summer of 1854. From this place he wrote some pleasant letters to Kingsley, descriptive of his "anemonizing" exploits, and of his delight at finding the beautiful caves of St. Margaret's Island, with their "rugged walls and floor studded with the full-blown blossoms of those lovely animal flowers." The volume called "Tenby" which forms the record of this visit exhibits, perhaps, some little evidence of spent enthusiasm. The confidential simplicity of the style invoked from the *Saturday Review* a friendly laugh on "Mr. Gosse's air of taking us upon his knee, like a grandpapa."

The naturalist, whose seaside rambles had hitherto been shared by his wife, was destined to be again thrown on himself, and to be bereft in losing her of all intimate companionship. By her early and lamented death, he lost — to quote Lowell's words —

The fire-side sweetnesses — the heavenward lift,

The hourly mercies of a woman's soul.

Depressed in spirits, physically unhinged, and perhaps somewhat mentally exhausted by the untiring labors of the last few years, there now returned upon Gosse the morbid religious despondency that formed the background of his singular nature. In these times of depression nothing relieved him so much as to take up the cudgels of controversy, and belabor the devil and his followers, the non-converted, without mercy. He held the law and the prophets, like blood-hounds in a leash, to let loose on unbelievers. In these preaching days, the intolerance of his creed elated his soul into a state of infallibility, that sustained him through the rest of his life. He had joined the sect of Plymouth Brethren — but he was his own pope, no "dear brother" ventur-

ing as much as to stand on the steps of his throne. Many of these characteristics — a really curious study in psychology — are gathered from his unpublished letters; and, moreover, the following incident, laughable enough in its way, does not appear in Philip Gosse's biography. His horror of the festival of Christmas sometimes took a grotesque form. Like the Puritans of the seventeenth century, he fought with turkeys and with geese. "Christmas plum-pudding," however, was the most hateful of all these Yule-tide idols. The first winter that his little son and he spent alone at St. Marychurch saw, so I have been told, an amusing instance of Mr. Gosse's unflinching firmness. No difference, as a matter of course, was made in the repast of which father and son partook on Christmas day, but the servants were less austere. They made in secret a plum-pudding for themselves, and what was worse, they presently lured the little boy out of the parlor to eat a slice. Scarcely was the delicacy down his gullet, than conscience began to work. He had "eaten of the accursed thing," and with tears in his eyes he went to confess what he had done. Mr. Gosse sprang to his feet; leading the child by the hand, he rushed like a whirlwind into the kitchen, found the guilty remainder of the plum-pudding on the table, snatched it away into the back garden, and, in the presence of his awe-stricken child, solemnly hewed it in pieces with a bill-hook, and scattered the crumbs over the dustbin. It is curious that his own sense of humor had not preserved him from perpetrating this piece of folly, for humor he had; and I do not think his biographer has quite done him justice in this respect.

In the letters before referred to — letters written to the members of his family, there are repeated gleams and flashes of a very human sense of humor. For illustration, the phrases and allusions are difficult to separate from their context; but the native gold shines here and there in the stony matrix of his pompous intolerance.

It is curious to note the mixture, in the self-same letter, of sound worldly wisdom, of literary acumen, together with an expression of the strongest belief in the approaching realization of apocalyptic prophecy — even to the conviction that the saints, few enough in number, would be caught up to the Lord, leaving the world to a period of unexampled horrors. Then reverting to mundane things, he says quite cheerfully, "Let me wish you joy of your

black letter find; to you, I dare say, black letters are as charming as sea-slugs to me." On one occasion his son, still a mere lad, had evidently asked for funds wherewith to make some addition to his wardrobe, in view of a visit to a person of some importance. His father writes:—

You remind me of canny King James's appeal, when he asked the Earl of Mar to lend him a pair of silk stockings, in which to receive the French Ambassador — "for ye wad na that your king should appear as a scrub afore the stranger."

The biography, which is full of interesting side-lights on the thought and science of the time, mentions the fact that, in 1857, Gosse was assisting Darwin in his researches on the distribution of sea-animalcules — a matter involving "enormous conclusions," as the evolutionist remarked. The letters of Darwin to his fellow-worker are replete with interest; they show his manner of dealing with the apparently insignificant phenomena of life, which under his classification revealed the potentiality of nature's hidden laws. Gosse, on the other hand, though so accurate an observer that it was well-nigh impossible for any differential minutiae to escape him, was not given to philosophize in the highest meaning of the term — his theory of the universe being strictly Biblical, in all literal acceptation.

The Welsh Triades give three primary requisites of genius. Gosse had the first and the second; he had "an eye that could see nature," and he had "a heart that could feel nature" — but he lacked "the boldness that dares follow nature."

From Longman's Magazine.
MORE INDIAN BIRDS.

A FEW words about a few more Indian birds! Only a few, for it would be folly to pretend to write exhaustively of all the birds of Bengal. When a gun is fired or the Chilka lake or on the Chullun beel, or on any other great inland piece of water, the flocks of birds rise in such myriads that the sky is almost darkened by them. I have sometimes wondered if the birds are not more numerous than the human beings of the country, but that is a statistical matter far out of my province to decide. I regret that it is not in my power to write more scientifically about some of the birds with which I was tolerably familiar. My scientific knowledge was very defective. I remember on one occasion

listening to an elaborate discussion concerning the bird that my scientific friends called a *dendrocygnus*. It was some comfort to find that it was only a familiar waterfowl known to me as the whistling teal. Perhaps this appellation for it is wrong, but it is a kind of duck that whistles and perches upon trees. I don't know why science gave it the half-Greek, half-Latin name of a tree-swan. But, however this may be, I have a lively recollection of shooting a number of these birds that we called whistling teal, one afternoon when we arrived at our tents well tired after a long and hot day's beat on the elephants, without killing anything of any sort, as will sometimes happen. Owing to the great heat of the weather, all that had remained of the deer and birds previously killed had gone bad, and the cook had nothing but bully-beef (as the soldiers call it) for his *pièce de résistance* for dinner. Fortunately when the elephants went off to drink and bathe at a large tank about a quarter of a mile from our tents they disturbed a number of whistling teal, which imprudently came whistling and flying round the tents, so that we took up our guns and soon provided ourselves with some fresh food. A salmi or a curry of whistling teal is by no means a bad thing for a hungry hunter. If these teal or ducks had not whistled we might not have known what they were or that they had come within our reach.

Probably some persons among the crowds who visit the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park may have taken notice of the large and ugly cranes called Indian adjutants. I don't remember why our predecessors in India gave them the name of adjutant. It is a classical Indian bird known to the old Sanskrit poets as the har-gila, or bone-swallower. A full-grown adjutant stands about four feet high. It has a large, yellow, horny, sharp-pointed beak nearly a foot long. The head or skull is bare save as to a few stunted hairs or rudiments of feathers. Its small grey eyes look dull and stupid; the long neck is thin and almost naked. In front of the neck there hangs a bag or pouch of elastic skin, which the bird inflates at its pleasure. The plumage of the body is of a greyish blue color on the back, but it is white in front. The legs are long and bony, like those of other cranes, but the knee-joints are large, and the great splay feet and claws are very powerful. The general appearance of an adjutant in repose has been compared to that of a bald old gentleman standing with

his back to the fire, with his hands under his coat-tails. An officer of my acquaintance once went to a fancy ball dressed as an adjutant bird, but it does not easily lend itself to the notion of a good fancy costume.

About the end of May the weatherwise in Calcutta begin to look towards the dome of Government House to see if any adjutants have arrived. The adjutant is the forerunner of the rains in Bengal, and when the residents of Calcutta have been severely fried and baked by the dry heat in March, April, and May, they begin to look forward for that change in the weather, locally called the rains, in which their bodies will only be stewed or parboiled at a rather lower temperature. But until thirteen adjutants have been seen sitting in a row along the battlements of Government House, it is no use to try to make believe that the rains have really begun. There may have been a few preliminary showers or thunderstorms, but until thirteen adjutants can be found "to make a house" on the roof of the viceroy's Calcutta residence, Jupiter Pluvius, or the chairman of the rainy season, does not condescend to take his seat. If any one wants to know why thirteen is the constitutional number I cannot tell. Some people say they represent the members of the viceroy's Council who are up at Simla, but their number is not always the same. I can only recognize tradition and the fact. And the thirteen birds must be sitting in line on the roof. It does not count if a few weak-minded birds are perched on the heads of the big plaster lions that surmount the arched gateways on the east and west sides of the Government House gardens. In former days a huge figure of Britannia was to be seen on the top of the dome of Government House, and perhaps the adjutants are loyal to the memory of Britannia. But it is a remarkable fact that when the adjutants come to Calcutta at the beginning of the rains they almost all make for the roof of Government House, from which position they subsequently distribute themselves to different parts of Calcutta according to their fancy.

The adjutant is migratory, and many of them are supposed to come from central Asia; but there was once a colony of them that had its breeding-place at Comercolly, about one hundred and fifty miles north of Calcutta, whence the old East India Company used to bring consignments of Comercolly feathers for the adornment of ladies' dresses and bonnets. The feathers were taken from the birds' nests, or

from the birds on their nests, and were only procurable in the breeding season. A few adjutants remain in Calcutta all the year round, but these are usually birds that were sick or maimed when the rest of their brethren returned to central Asia, and were therefore unable to go with them. There are some few degraded adjutants so wedded to the unspeakable filth of the outfall of the Calcutta drainage works that they never go away; but any right-minded and healthy adjutants that have a desire for wedded life and for the cares of a young family, depart from Calcutta at the end of September to the country where they themselves were born.

During the months that the adjutant lives in Calcutta it is interesting to watch him. He appoints himself chief scavenger of a certain house or houses, and has first choice of the contents of the dust-bins, which each householder is required to deposit outside his gate at day-break till the conservancy carts remove them. The adjutant's operations may be more easily imagined than described, whilst the pariah dogs of the quarter and a bevy of attendant crows look on till his lordship is satisfied with the *bonnes bouches* that he picks out with his sharp beak, tosses into the air, and swallows, until his stomach becomes so full that he is obliged to take a little walk round to let matters settle themselves. I regret that I have been recently deprived of a story about the voracity of adjutants, that had been believed by me for many years. I had been told that Mr. R. had seen an adjutant walk quietly along a wall to a sleeping cat, which it pierced with its beak, tossed up in the air, and caught in its mouth. But I recently met Mr. R., and he tells me that he did not see the adjutant swallow the cat, but that his friend Mr. S. said that he had seen an adjutant pick up and swallow a live kitten. Now that is a very different thing, and is more likely to be true than the story about the cat. For a kitten may be about the same size as a rat, and I have often seen the adjutants catch and swallow live rats. At the stables of the house of a friend of mine, the native servants used almost every night to catch live rats in traps. When the morning came the men used to carry the traps out on the open *maidaun*, attended by three or four adjutants, who very well knew what treat was in store for them. With our binoculars we could see from the house the poor rats let loose and dash off at their best pace towards the stables. But a grim adjutant, with his

long strides and outstretched wings, soon overtook the rat, tossed him in the air and swallowed him. Occasionally a very smart rat would double under the leading adjutant's legs, but the rat had little chance of escape, for if it evaded one pursuer, it only ran into the mouth of another.

The adjutant may be called a sacred bird, but as this epithet might be misunderstood as if it applied to Hindoo mythology, I must explain that he is consecrated to municipal duty, and is sanctified by the protection of the municipal law. Any one who kills an adjutant in Calcutta is punishable by a fine of a gold mohur or thirty-two shillings. I never found this law in the statute-book, any more than I ever saw that almost fabulous coin the gold mohur in its original gold. But there is no English magistrate in Calcutta who would hesitate to impose a fine of a gold mohur on any one convicted of killing an adjutant. One of my contemporaries in the old college of Fort William was so fined, although he had killed the adjutant in his father's garden, and his father was one of the judges of the chief court of justice. There used to be a tradition that the British soldiers in the barracks of Fort William once blew up an adjutant by inducing it to swallow a marrow-bone in which there was a charge of gunpowder and a slow-burning fuse, but I hardly believe it. A similar but perfectly true story was, however, within my own cognizance, and it occurred at the Chinsurah barracks, when the old 29th Regiment was quartered there. The soldiers, after their dinner, got two marrow-bones and tied them together with a stout string about twenty yards long. The marrow-bones were then thrown out separately to two expectant adjutants. One bird seized and swallowed one bone, and the other bird caught and got outside (as the Yankees say) of the other bone. The two birds then flew up towards their usual perches on the barrack-roof, but as they flew apart the string tightened, and as they pulled against one another, and neither would part with his bone, they finally came flopping to the ground to the great edification of the soldiers. When the two birds were on the ground there was a severe tug of war between them, until at last the string broke, and each of them flew off triumphantly to digest his bone, and the yards of string attached to it at its leisure.

Some few adjutants do not come into towns or cities, and occasionally when out snipe-shooting I have come across a pair

of them wading about among the growing rice, and picking up frogs and snakes and fish. Or, as one sits under the shade of a bush at midday to get a little rest and refreshment after snipe-shooting, one may look up into the bright glare of the cloudless sky, and see a couple of adjutants, and some twenty or thirty vultures, high up in the heavens, wheeling round and round in a large circle, their legs outstretched and their wings motionless, although they still keep moving on in the same apparently objectless round. It is, however, probably from this eminent point of vantage that the vultures and the adjutants seek their daily food, when it is provided for them in the shape of the carcass of a dead animal, or sometimes of a human being. There are some authorities who have held that these scavenger birds detect the carrion by smell. Far be it from me to undertake to deny this, for it would be difficult to prescribe any limit to the mysterious diffusion of odor in the open air, when one knows how the slightest smell of gas or of cooking spreads itself throughout a large house. But according to my own observation, and that of most of my friends out shooting and hunting, it seemed to us probable that the vultures discovered their quarry by sight rather than by smell. For instance, when a wild boar was speared on the open plain, with no trees or houses near, the carcass would be left lying there as soon as the head or the tusks had been removed. Presently two or three crows would appear from nobody knows where; next a kite or two would begin circling round, and then there came a rush of wings and a great vulture dropped suddenly from the sky. In the course of a few minutes there would be a succession of arrivals of vultures from every quarter of the heavens, until the ground around the carcass of the boar presented the sight of a struggling mass of brown vultures. It was our belief that the vultures floating about, high in the sky, were guided by sight. The first vulture noticed the movements of the crows and the kites, and descended from his post of observation; the next nearest vulture on the lookout observed his neighbor's departure, and at once followed him, and so all round; as one bird saw another making off for some fixed point, he knew that it meant business, and so all joined in the hunt. On the other hand, where the carcass of an animal is covered over, so that it cannot be seen, the vultures either do not find it out, or they are afraid to come near it.

The vultures are wonderful scavengers. One day an elephant belonging to one of my friends fell down dead suddenly not very far from the house, and there was no power available to drag the huge body away. The mahout suggested that the elephant should be partly dismembered and exposed so as to invite the vultures. It would be hard to say, or hard to get any one to believe, how rapidly the vultures came and removed every bit of the elephant, save the bones and part of the skin. When a tiger has been skinned after it has been shot and brought into camp, the body is usually left to the disposal of the vultures. On one occasion, where circumstances were favorable for an observation, we took out our watches to note the time in which the vultures could eat up the whole body of a tiger. The skinned body looked just like the carcass of a large calf, only the big bones and hard muscles are very different. The vultures, who were watching hard by, descended on it in hundreds, and in rather less than fifteen minutes there was nothing left but a few of the larger bones, for which the pariah dogs were ready to dispute as soon as they were free from the beaks of the vultures.

The vulture is a gruesome bird, but it has evidently no idea how unpleasant its appearance is, for a pair of them will sometimes attempt to build their nest on the roof of a large house in Calcutta, or in a tree in the garden; and if they effect a lodgement without their work being stopped in time, the nuisance is considerable. The natives of India appear to have more favorable ideas about them. The Parsees in Bombay contemplate with equanimity the vultures crowding over their Towers of Silence, whilst the mere idea of what happens there causes an Englishman to shudder. The Hindoos have an ancient text written by one of their favorite poets, whose perverted mind and diseased body made him anticipate with pleasure the time when his corpse would be floating down the Ganges with a vulture sitting on it. The English government has tried to prevent the pollution of the sacred river by native corpses, so that there are now few opportunities for such a sight as the poet desired to be seen; but if the civilizing hand of the English were withdrawn from India, the natives would probably soon revert to their old practice of committing their bodies to the sacred Ganges. Finally, I regret to say, that vultures and turkeys have been known to associate in India on such terms

of intimacy that I had a considerable aversion to eating the flesh of a turkey in that country; and there are stories in circulation that iniquitous native purveyors have sometimes made a fine vulture do duty for a turkey at the tables of some of the greatest personages in the land.

I was a great admirer of the large brown kites that are, I believe, to be found in every part of India, and are called *cheel* in the native language, a name evidently derived from the long, shrill note that they utter. They are great favorites with English children, who are taken to the window by their native attendants to watch the kites circling round the house, and swooping down on anything that seems eatable. They are deadly enemies to any young chickens that chance to stray from the mother hen. The dog at his kennel, lazily gnawing a bone, hears a rush of wings, and feels a hard flap on his head, and finds that his bone has been carried off. A careless native servant carrying a dish with a fowl on it from the cook-room into the house may see the fowl swept off before his eyes by a bold kite. When a pair of these kites have a nest with young ones in it, they will attack any one who happens to pass by, and I have known dangerous wounds inflicted by them. Still there is something fascinating in watching these birds as they fly round and round in the burning sunshine, emitting their long-drawn-out note "*chee-ee-l*." Another kite of similar habits is called the Brahminy kite. It is smaller than the brown kite. The feathers of the body are a yellowish brown and the head is white. The Brahminy kite has a bad habit of killing and eating snipe and (probably) other small birds; and it is very disagreeable when out snipe-shooting to find that the Brahminy kites have been harrying and frightening away the snipe; but the Brahminy often has to pay dearly for his poaching amusement. There is also a large blue hawk which is an enemy to the snipe-shooter. It pounces down from mid-air upon a wounded bird, and whilst the sportsman is little pleased with himself for having made an indifferent shot, it is aggravating to see a blue hawk come and carry off the wounded bird before the gun is reloaded. But if you mark where the blue hawk settles with his quarry, you can presently approach him cautiously whilst he is busy devouring it, and you will doubtless have your revenge.

Among my bird friends in India I may count the owls, which are numerous and some of them are very handsome crea-

tures. It is remarkable that in India the owl is regarded as the emblem of stupidity, whereas according to our classical stories the bird of Minerva was typical of wisdom. When a native wishes to apply a term of sarcastic endearment to a stupid friend he calls him the son of an owl, which is not considered complimentary. Among my special pets were two little brown owls about the size of ring-doves, that became very tame and would fly into the verandah, and watch us as we took our tea and toast, although they never condescended to touch any of the fragments of bread, or any sort of fruit that was thrown towards them. But the sight of a cage with a live mouse in it was enough to make them forget their gravity, so that they hopped about almost frantic with delight. It was wonderful to see how quickly they pounced on their prey, and carried it off to the hole in the large tree in which a tribe or family of them had dwelt, probably for generations. It was sometimes my fate to have to disturb the common white owls exactly like the common English owls, that had taken possession of the empty buildings known as the Government Circuit Houses, that were kept up at certain stations for the accommodation of peripatetic inspecting officials such as I was. When we were out shooting in jungles where there were big trees, we sometimes came across the large brown horned owls with their great lustrous eyes, sitting in the dark shade of some leafy tree, and quietly munching up a snake that they had caught in the night-watches. They would stare and hiss at the approach of the elephants, but they seldom deigned to quit their perch, or to fly out into the hot glare of the sun, and we never fired at them.

Let me pass from the jungles to domestic life, in which the common house sparrow is one of the birds that readily becomes a sort of pet, although the boldness of the little thing almost amounts to impudence. There are very few Indian houses in which the sparrow does not build its nest in one of the verandahs, and this practice is not altogether to be discouraged, for the active little birds are constantly on the feed, and they must help to diminish the number of noxious insects, and unpleasant creeping things which abound in a tropical climate. It is a pity that the sparrow is so untidy, and makes such a mess with bits of grass and feathers whilst it is building its needlessly large nest; and yet though the nests are so large, how often does some callow little wretch tumble out and get killed! It is

best on the whole that the sparrows should learn to build their nests in the trees near the house. But it is difficult to get them to quit a verandah which they have once adopted for their domestic purposes. A friend of mine once tried to get rid of a pair, and the hungry hen-bird soon fell a victim to a phosphorized bread-pill. But the cock-bird the next day brought another hen to his nest, and she also fell a victim to the poisoned food. Four days successively the cock-bird imported a new wife, but one after the other they all died suddenly and their bodies were removed. At last the cock-bird disappeared, and perhaps he had incautiously tasted the poison and died. Another friend of mine, who had his tea and toast every morning punctually at 6 A.M. in the verandah of the third story of his large house in Chowringhee, overlooking the great maidaun of Calcutta, had a favorite hen-sparrow with an injured beak, that was quite a character in her way. She would perch on his knee and hop on to the table to be fed. But until her wants had been supplied she would not allow any other sparrow to enter the verandah, and the other sparrows seemed to know all about it, and usually waited outside. When my friend retired to England he tried to bequeath his sparrow to the care of his successor in the house, but the affection of the bird must have been personal, for it watched for its old friend for several days, and then flew away and never came back, although it might have obtained its food just as usual from his successor.

In a former paper I wrote about the Coolen cranes. There is another large crane known as the sayrus that is not unfrequently seen in many parts of India. When I was living at Dacca as commissioner I kept a large tame sayrus, to whom the native servants had given the name of Kulloo, but I believe that they call every tame sayrus by that name, just as they speak to every performing bear as Madari. My Kulloo was a fine specimen fully five feet in height. The plumage is of a delicate, French grey color, with short, bright crimson feathers on the throat and top of the head, so that it is a beautiful bird to look at. The long beak is rather a dangerous weapon, and as the sayrus usually aims at the eye of an assailant, many a small dog has paid by the loss of his sight for his impudence in going and barking at them. Kulloo used to come into the garden outside the breakfast-room window, and wait to be fed with bits of bread and other scraps thrown out to him, which he

caught unerringly. One day a wicked man who was staying with me took an insidious shot at Kulloo with a blow-pipe, and the sharp dart stuck in the joint of his wing. Kulloo was mad with pain and excitement, and went dancing round the garden in the most fantastic fashion, until at last the native servant who had special charge of him threw himself on the bird's neck and extricated the dart. The sayrus has a habit of dancing about and jumping up in the air for his own amusement, and the natives say that when it dances it prognosticates rain. In my opinion Kulloo did not set up as a rain prophet, but danced whenever it pleased him to do so. He had a bad habit of walking out into the native town, and helping himself at the grain shops in the native streets; but the people, though afraid of him, never did him any harm, as they have a superstition that it is wrong and unlucky to injure a sayrus. Mr. Simson tells a story how a native gentleman begged him not to shoot a sayrus, and warned him that the wife of a sahib who had shot one had shortly afterwards died of cholera. One day, as we were riding home in the evening, we met Kulloo being brought home from the native town in the custody of the police. I forget what mischief he had been at, but it took four policemen to bring him along, and they walked behind him with a rope stretched across the street, whilst Kulloo stalked along in front, looking back contemptuously at his custodians from time to time. When I left Dacca in 1868 I gave Kulloo to the Nawab Ahsanulla Khan Bahadoor of that city, and only a few months ago the nawab, in writing to me, mentioned that Kulloo was alive and well. I think he must have been mistaken; but if it is the same bird, it must be one of the oldest sayruses in existence.

There are some birds that soon attract the attention of the railway traveller, as he looks out at the monotonous scenery that presents itself mile after mile, for hundreds of miles, in the long journey between Bombay and Calcutta. The telegraph wires are carried on high poles along the side of the railway, and almost the only living things to be seen are the king-crows and the jays or rollers, and the shrieks that perch upon the wires. I have known men who were fond of having a bet upon anything, win and lose their money by backing the number of king-crows against the number of jays to be seen within the distance of a mile; or the king-crows and jays might be backed collectively against

the shrikes, the last named birds being, as a rule, the most numerous. It is difficult to say what attraction the railway and the telegraph wires present to these birds, but there they sit, in the glare and heat of the sun, looking intently at the passing trains. These birds live chiefly on insects, and perhaps the raised embankment of the railway has provided a home for some insects that would otherwise have had to take their chance in the swamps of the paddy-fields. At Chittagong, where every house is built on the top of a little hill about one hundred and fifty feet high, we could quietly sit and watch the king-crows of an evening catching a large kind of black-and-yellow beetle, that used to come flying up from the bushes in the valley and on the side of the hill, doubtless in pursuit of its own food. The moment that a beetle appeared above the sky-line of the hill a king-crow darted at it and seized it. Sometimes, but very rarely, the king-crow missed its shot and the beetle would fly for refuge into the verandah of the house, but it procured for itself only a short reprieve, as a pair of king-crows at once joined in the chase, and were almost certain to hunt the poor beetle to its death. It may be explained that several pairs of the king-crows had their nests in the trees round the house, and the captured beetles were usually carried off by the old birds and deposited in the gaping beaks of the young birds in the nest.

There is one bird among the eatable game birds of India that it would be a sin to omit to mention. This is the floriken, or florican, for, as Mr. Simson says, there is no rule for the spelling of Indian zoological names; but, for the benefit of the learned, he gives its scientific name, *Sypheotides Bengalensis*. The floriken bear considerable analogy to the black-cock and grey-hen as known in England, for they are about the same size, and both are almost equally good to eat. The plumage of the cock-bird is also much the most handsome in each case, whilst the hen-birds wear a costume more suitable for their concealment from observation when sitting on their nests. The floriken is a small bustard, and is found occasionally in some parts of eastern Bengal, but it seems to be much more numerous in that part of the country which adjoins the Terai at the foot of the lowest Himalayan ranges. They usually live in the patches of thatching-grass that the natives cultivate to make the roofs of their huts. Many grasshoppers dwell in this grass, and the floriken prefers a juicy grasshop-

per to any other kind of food; and it may be that the special delicate flavor of its flesh is due to the sweetness of young grasshoppers, as the canvas-back duck owes its savor to wild parsley. I knew hardly any greater pleasure than to put up a floriken unexpectedly, and to shoot it as it flapped slowly away; but though it is apparently a slow-flyer, its speed is most deceptive, and it quickens its pace at every moment. One day we had come upon an outlying tiger, that ran off through a patch of grass, and put up a floriken as it went. We marked them both down, and to the surprise of my companions, I insisted on going first to shoot the floriken, which we did. It was fortunate, perhaps, for my credit that we killed the tiger afterwards; but I must admit that I was influenced by the fact that we could eat the floriken and we could not eat the tiger. On another occasion, a young friend of mine, relying perhaps on my bad example, got off his elephant to go and shoot a floriken that kept flying out of shot in advance of the elephants, as we were beating for a tiger that had mysteriously disappeared, though we knew from its fresh footprints and other signs that it was somewhere about the jungle. On this occasion I was not in command of the line of elephants, but the commander, on noticing my young friend's delinquency, halted the line, and peremptorily ordered him to remount his elephant. And it was well that he did so, for the tiger was lying watching us from a little patch of high green weeds that did not seem large enough to hide a cat, so that our young friend might have come to grief. Another young friend of mine used to send me an annual tribute of floriken when I was in Calcutta. I had helped to get him the appointment of manager of a large Wards estate in Maldah. And as it was part of his duty to suppress the tigers and other game that abounded in part of the estate, he seldom failed in the month of March to send me down a brace of floriken by the railway, just as kind friends in Scotland now send boxes of grouse on August 12.

The floriken is usually found in country that holds tigers. A more generally accepted belief is that where peacocks are found, there tigers will also be met with. This is true to a certain extent, but it is necessary to except almost all that part of upper India where the peacock is a sacred bird, and lives unmolested in every village. I don't know where the boundary line lies at which peacocks cease to have the character of sanctity, but there was no protec-

tion for them in any part of lower Bengal or Behar, in which I ever had an opportunity of shooting them. In Chittagong we had the beautiful Burmese peacock, which is called *Pavo spicifer* by the learned. This bird is distinguished by its lovely green and gold color, and the almost total absence of blue in the plumage. It was generally to be found on the trees near the streams flowing from the hills, where the footprints of tigers were often to be seen, but my good fortune enabled me to shoot several of the peafowls without ever encountering a tiger. In the low scrub jungle around Colgong, in Bhangulpore, the common peafowl were very numerous. On one occasion we were shooting there, and found nearly a hundred peafowl collected in a large field of the castor-oil plant, beneath the broad leaves of which the foolish birds thought that they were hidden. We were obliged to desist from firing at them after we had killed enough for the wants of our camp. In the same jungle one day, a fine peacock, with his tail in its fullest splendor, rose in front of me, and not caring to fly against a strong wind, it tried to double back, when I fired and killed it. It came crashing down on the top of a pad elephant, on which two men were seated. One of the men fell off in sheer fright, and the elephant was so terrified that it ran right away with the other man, and never stopped till it was brought up nearly two miles off by the broad stream of the Ganges. A young peafowl that has been feeding on the ripening grain crops is most commendable on the dinner-table. Later in the year, when they have to live upon wild berries and other tasty food, they acquire too strong a flavor; but, under any circumstances, both the young and old birds can be converted into mulligatawny soup.

I never saw a white peacock except in captivity. But there is one small peacock of which the native name is the wood peacock, whilst scientific people call it the polyplectron, that has always seemed to me to be one of the most beautiful birds in the creation. They are rather scarce, but creeping, gun in hand, along the edge of the jungles at Chittagong in the early morning before the fog had lifted, I have sometimes come on a small covey of them, and have hid myself to watch them, but I never thought of firing at them after I had once obtained a specimen. The plumage is of a mottled grey color, with bright blue-green spots or stars that are as small as sixpence on the hen-birds, but as big as a half-crown on the tail of the cock. I

think that, both in color and in pattern, the plumage on the polyplectron is perfect, and that the combination of the shades would look admirable in a lady's dress. A friend once sent me a pair of these birds, full-grown and alive, and I tried hard to rear them, but in all probability they had been injured in the snares in which they had been caught, and they died after a few days.

I will conclude with the mention of three water-birds that are worthy of special notice, either for their bright color and graceful appearance or for their other rare qualities. The young sportsman in eastern Bengal soon makes acquaintance with the kalim, or purple coot, as Dr. Jerdon calls it. The bird is almost as large as a pheasant, with a bluish or purple body, and red head and legs. It is rather a stupid bird, for it sits on the bushes with little attempt at concealment, and it flies slowly away so that it falls an easy prey to any beginner in shooting. It is rather good to eat, and the native attendants rush to cut the throat of a fallen bird so that they may have a share in the spoil, for sometimes ten or a dozen birds will get up lazily one after the other out of the same patch of bushes, and are easily shot. The water-pheasant, which is also known in China, is a very graceful bird, with black and white plumage, and carries a tail like a bantam cock. It is very shy, and runs off along the matted weeds so as to keep out of gun-shot. We tried to get specimens for the Calcutta Zoo, but they all died, owing probably, as usual, to injuries when they were being caught in nets or snares. There is a bird called the khora, of which a native gentleman once presented me a specimen. It is about the size of a land-rail, and is somewhat similar in its habits, running about over the weeds and the inundated rice-plants. It has very long and strong feet and claws, and the natives use it as a fighting bird, but I must confess that I never cared to witness the battles of khoras or quails or any other birds that are kept and trained to fight. Mr. Simson says that the pugnacity of the khora, when wild, leads to their capture and destruction. A tame and trained khora is turned into a patch of high rice-plants, where it calls with a sound that is more like the bellow of a bull than the note of a bird. The wild mates answer and bellow in return. When one comes sufficiently near the tame bird runs to meet its adversary. The birds then fight and entangle one another in their long claws, until the owner of the

tame khora comes up and secures the wild bird. But I never saw this myself, and only accept it on the faith of such a good sportsman as Mr. Simson.

C. T. BUCKLAND.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
IN PRAISE OF MOPS.

THE varieties to be found in the character of dogs have always appeared to us a most interesting study. What degrees of morality, intelligence, self-control do we not observe in their different families, from that narrow and uncertain-tempered specialist, the greyhound, to the universally popular and trusty fox-terrier whom you can "do anything with," as the saying is! This axiom means in particular that the habitual companion of so many Englishmen is, like that equally respectable creature the retriever, susceptible of discipline to no ordinary degree. Many a humane man has held up a terrier of the fox or bull type and beaten the animal as he loved it, and till his arm ached. Nor is it to be supposed that such a dog (whom we have seen struggle after an angry swan in mid-stream and triumphantly pull its tail feathers out) is exactly afraid to retaliate. The same may be said of the curly black brute (capable of carrying a good-sized child in his mouth) whom the keeper chastises to an accompaniment of "Ah! Ratt-ell you breeute! Wood-jerrr!" There are dogs of course, such as the wolf-hound that killed the unfortunate Frenchman the other day, that one would hesitate to chastise for the reason that Kingsley gives, in respect of the hero of his famous ballad:—

The clerk that should beat that little Baltung,
Would never sing mass again!

But as there are human natures, and those not always the worst, that do not take "punishment" kindly, so are there canine natures. The difference lies in a more refined sensibility both of soul and skin, and perhaps in a rarer, more feminine, if one may say so, and more spiritual nature.

Of such sort is the dog of whom we write. Mops is one of those long-haired terriers whom to know is to love. No one could ever venture to beat him; he would probably go wild with fright or passion; as it is, he has hardly ever had a rough word spoken to him. Mops is nevertheless in ordinary circumstances as good as

gold. If his sensitive temper be ever hurt, that is generally the fault of some person who has approached him either without proper introduction, or in a manner unsuited to his dignity. It is his habit to mark these occasions by pretending not to know his dearest friends, as they pass while he lies on his particular mat in the hall; or (in very extreme cases) by retiring to the housekeeper's room, much to the elation of that elderly dignitary, and growling from the low and cushioned window-sill at all who venture into his presence with overtures of friendship. There are points in his character which, in such an animal, it is hopeless to attempt to alter; but these are not the low or mischievous tricks of common dogs. He would scorn to run after a chicken or a sheep. Once he caught a very little rabbit on the front lawn and brought it with tender fondlings, yet half alive, to bed with him in his basket by the drawing-room fire, whence the horrified housemaid removed its corpse during his absence at dinner-time. He has also been confronted with a live rat with which, though exasperated by its want of humor, he for long endeavored to play, till it bit him, when there was an abrupt end of the game, and of the rat. But Mops has decided instinctive notions about how certain things ought to be done, and equally decided aversions to certain people. To Mr. Buller, the local banker, who comes over to dine regularly once a fortnight, he will never be more than severely civil. Mops's olfactory nerves have doubtless informed him of this gentleman's secret preference for fox-terriers, of which an adorable specimen is, at home, cherished in his bosom; but there are possibly other reasons.

We have not mentioned yet that Mops is as beautiful as the day, though this is not a very appropriate simile for one whose first appearance suggests a chaotic heap, or dancing cloud, of dusky hair through which now and then you catch the sparkle of two gleaming dark-brown eyes. Such he appears (for his affections and enthusiasms are unbounded, and his conduct, when pleased, of the frantic order) bounding or rather rippling down the stairs to fly into the arms of some welcome arrival or (supreme joy!) to be taken out for a walk by the right person. At such a moment he will fling shrieking up and down the passage and over and under the furniture like an animated football; but when he stops dead short, or jumps upon your knees, shakes back his hair (which is

really silver-grey, almost sky-blue in a strong light) with a prodigious effort, and grins ecstatically in your face, showing all his splendid teeth and preparing to inflict a vigorous kiss upon any unprotected feature, then indeed not the famed Peloton of Du Bellay,

Faisant ne sçay quelle feste
D'un gay braulement de teste,

was more bewitching. Having mentioned the subject of teeth, we must add that one of the greatest pleasures of Mops's life is to "play at rats" with some competent human friend. This pastime (which is only allowed on the old leather settle in the smoking-room) consists chiefly in your trying to bury him in cushions, which should not be of expensive material. Then, if you have an old velveteen coat, you may after a quarter of an hour come out of the game (which is deliriously exciting) with only a black and blue arm, for which you will be amply repaid by the sight of Mops erect, breathless, and in admired disorder, with his large eyes gleaming like coals of fire at you through their hairy curtain, simply dying to begin again.

It has been suggested that he is not what is vulgarly called a "sporting dog," and that is so. Though he has no idea of being all things to all men, like many an honest dog of our acquaintance, he can be anything he pleases (for his genius is rich and versatile) with the people he really loves. We often summon him to come partridge-shooting with us in the fields close round the house. If we find him not in the gun-room, we are used to give a low whistle. Instantly a responsive and piercing bark echoes through the back premises, — Mops's demand addressed to domestics in general to open some door in his way; then another, and louder, on the first landing to announce his approach; then the noise of a carpet being dragged swiftly down the front stairs, — and there is Mops. But when we carelessly pick up our breechloader (and this we always do in his presence) as though it were merely a stick, his excitement boils over, and his yells are but gradually allayed as we get outside the front door.

Among the turnips and potatoes he presents the strangest figure, his long hair draggled with the wet, and his pointed nose and broad head (for once visible in their natural shape) peering up every now and again to see how we are getting on. Though a little slow among cover which often hides him from sight, he will quarter

his ground, work backwards and forwards at a wave of the hand, and set at his game in the most orthodox manner. Mops, we do verily believe, would scent a cockchafer; and the only fault in his pointing (a thing beautiful to behold in its amateurish energy and self-consciousness) is that it almost as often indicates the presence of a thrush as of a partridge. As to passing by any living thing two inches high, he would never dream of it. Then will he return, his little legs plastered with mud and shrunk to half their size, and his splendid hair hanging down like a Cretan goat's, exhausted but supremely happy, and retire to the pantry to be brushed. For Mops is strong, very strong; a dog of this size need be strong to carry about pounds of soil and quarts of water in his coat all day. The coat, by the way, conceals the bull neck of his species, and the long and solid trunk is supported by substantial quarters and fine stout forearms, so that the animal is by no means only ornamental.

As to his use, — well, let this sketch be finished with the story of Mops's only real adventure.

Two years ago his owner was acting as land-agent in a much disturbed district of Ireland, and lived in a large and ugly mansion where, to tell the honest truth, some one else ought to have been living. But as an agent our friend, Major D., did his duty and was detested by the peasantry. At an earlier stage they had "carded" one of his herds, drowned and strangled his calves, and even fired at one of his daughters (a lovely girl of sixteen) as she sat in loose array at her window one summer night. The bullet is in the window-frame to this day. Her father, who was annoyed, replied with a shot-gun and two heavy sawdust cartridges from a lower story, it is believed, to some effect. This, however, is by the way. Once a week, at the time referred to, Major D. used to drive into the neighboring market-town, and on these occasions Mops (considerably to his relief) had never shown the slightest wish to accompany him further than the park gate. One Wednesday, however, — it was a day or two after some ill-looking fellows had been seen hanging about the park, — Mops suddenly changed his mind. He was determined to go. This was embarrassing for the major, who, apart from the trouble of looking after the dog, was afraid of risking so valuable an animal in a locality so distinguished for what is called in Ireland "agrarian feeling." What was to be done?

Mops was locked up in an empty room which the children used for carpentering. His lamentable howls gradually subsided, and the rest of the household went about their business. Meanwhile Mops, as afterwards appeared, was doing a little carpentering on his own account. The door was a good sound door, but the floor beneath it was rather worn. It is a pity that no one could have seen his muscular little form as it lay there curled up on one side, the shaggy head savagely shaking as at each *scrunch* of his gnawing teeth fresh splinters of the deal board came away, and were swept aside by his little paws. It must have been hard work, harder than scraping at any rabbit-hole, but probably more delightful!

Nearly four hours had passed when an astonished domestic noticed and duly reported the alteration just executed by Mops. At that moment a small dark form might just have been discerned in the dusk of the evening scudding across the fields. This was Mops going to meet the major, — and why in Heaven's name going at all? — and why going this way (the shortest cut as it happened) and not along the highroad? Who shall peer into the workings of that strange little mind, or whatever we please to call it? It is certain that the point on the highroad aimed at by Mops, consciously or unconsciously, was just about where an intelligent being would have expected the major to be if he were walking home (as a rule he drove) at his usual hour, and it is equally certain that the major was there. It does not appear, moreover, that Mops had the slightest doubt of this, or indeed exhibited the slightest hesitation as to what he meant to do, throughout the whole course of this, his one adventure. The major was there, and nothing separated Mops from him but a high and rough stone wall, such stone walls as are peculiar to Ireland, where they have witnessed, and in their mute way assisted, many ugly deeds. One of these in fact was in process when Mops arrived after a frantic struggle on the top of that wall.

Only twenty yards before reaching this point on the road the major, who for reasons of his own had sent the carriage on and was walking home easily and circumspectly with a cigar in his mouth and a double-barrelled shot-gun under his arm, was suddenly confronted by a ragged and dirty masked ruffian who seemed to have dropped from the skies, but who soon proved his infernal origin by firing a heavy

horse-pistol of antediluvian date right into the major's face. As the heavy slugs whistled by the major's ear, the dirty ruffian turned and fled down the deserted road into the gathering darkness.

Our friend, whose temper had been soured by the society of a disturbed neighborhood, leant against the wall for a moment to steady himself and, allowing the proverbial forty yards' grace, deliberately let off two barrels into and about the stern of his retreating enemy. The man howled fearfully, but continued his course. The major smiled, but the next moment cursed his folly with a mighty oath, and turned to grapple with a second opponent who, having waited his opportunity, sprang upon him while encumbered with his useless gun, and in the surprise bore him almost to the ground. What this second monster, who was also masked and unshaven, intended to do with the rude agricultural instrument, a sort of broken sickle, which he produced at this moment, must be left to the imagination, for at this moment his attention was distracted.

With one of his curious little gurgling shrieks (like the bursting of a small musical instrument) the breathless Mops jumped, or fell rather, on all fours from the top of the wall. He did not spring at the man's calves, as dogs so often do; he had no time to think of that, — and in fact alighted a little higher up. The man wore moleskins, but what are moleskins to a little dog who makes a light afternoon meal of a bedroom door? Before any one of the three knew very clearly what had happened Mops had buried ten little teeth, each sharp as a new carving chisel, in the most fleshy part of the objectionable man's thigh. That was all, and that was quite enough. The major, who had assisted (in the French sense) at many an Irish row, and seen a good deal of service in Egypt, confesses that he never heard a man swear as that ruffian did just before he was knocked down by the butt of the empty gun.

That night there was a good deal of coming and going of police. One of the individuals arrested will carry to the end of his life (which may be conterminous with the end of his imprisonment) such a "pretty pattern of No. 5" that the major has more than once expressed a wish "to send it to the makers," which, of course, is out of the question. The other carried away as lively a recollection of Mops as we shall any of us have, but for a different reason.

From Chambers' Journal.

THAT FOREIGN-OFFICE BAG.

I HAD just received an appointment as assistant in a consulate in the Far East, and had assumed an appearance as dignified and important as twenty-one years of age and a slight moustache would permit. The occasional large official letters I got marked "On Her Majesty's Service," and sealed with the Foreign Office seal, rendered me an object of the greatest interest in our gossipy country village, for every one was dying to know what the secretary of state for foreign affairs had to say to me. My happiness reached a climax one bright morning when I saw reposing on my breakfast plate a small white missive also marked "On Her Majesty's Service," but bearing in the corner the mysterious word "Private."

"By Jove," I thought, "this contains some State secret! Must be careful in opening it."

A deathlike silence reigned in our usually noisy family while I carefully slit the envelope with the bread-knife, and all eyes from baby aged three, to the gov'nor himself were fixed on my countenance. I quickly glanced over the half-sheet of writing, and battled with the hieroglyphic-like signature for a minute or two. It was to the effect that Sir Algernon Chaldecott would be obliged if I would be good enough to call at the Foreign Office some day on the following week.

"Well!" was the universal exclamation, "what is it?"

"Are you going up to Windsor?" said my younger sister; "or is it an invitation to dine with Lord Salisbury?"

"Don't be cheeky," I replied severely. "You know nothing about it."

"It is," I added carelessly, addressing my father, who beamed upon me with a paternal eye of admiration—"it is only from Sir Algernon Chaldecott—head of the Secret Service Department, I believe—who asks me to call at the Foreign Office, as he has an important communication to make to me."

I duly went up to town the following week, and soon found my way to the stately pile of the Foreign Office buildings in Downing Street, which I entered, my young bosom swelling with pride, and my head higher in the air than ever. I was ushered into the presence of grave-looking young man, whom I imagined to be Sir Algernon, and I accordingly made a profound bow, and said, "Sir Algernon, I presume?" The grave young man smiled, and replied that Sir Algernon would ap-

pear presently. Then we talked pleasantly for a few minutes about the weather and the evil reputation of the climate of Carabaya, which was the name of my official post.

Sir Algernon himself suddenly appeared through a side door, advanced and cordially shook hands—a condescension which thrilled every nerve of my body with pleasure—saying cheerfully at the same time: "You are Mr. Brown, I suppose? Well, Mr. Brown, as you are bound for Carabaya, we are going to take advantage of the opportunity to send by you some important documents, which it would be inexpedient to entrust to the ordinary post." Here he held up a bulky white linen bag about two feet long, tied with red tape and sealed with an enormous quantity of red wax. "I need hardly say, Mr. Brown, it is your duty to take the utmost care of this bag; in fact, you should not let it out of your sight for an instant, till you have safely deposited it in the hands of her Majesty's consul at Carabaya. Indeed, the State would much prefer you to lose your head than that you should lose this bag," he added blood-thirstily, though smiling all the time. He handed me the bag with a lofty air, and I received it with trembling hands.

"I will do my best, your lordship! I—I—mean—Yes, sir!" I stammered in my dread and agitation.

Seeing inexperience of this world traced in my youthful ingenuous features, he also seized the opportunity to give me a lecture on behavior in general. He quoted something about women and wine which I did not catch—Shakespeare was never a favorite of mine—explained the ratio between steadiness and promotion, descanted on the vagaries of luck in the official world, and finally imparted the cheerful intelligence that promotion in Carabaya was more rapid than anywhere else, on account of the pestilential climate. I was standing all this time with the awkward bag in my hand; and a few minutes later, after Sir Algernon had repeated his awful warning about careflessness, I found myself emerging from Downing Street, at a loss how to carry gracefully a wretched thing which made me look like a grocer's boy with a Yorkshire ham. Not a cab was to be seen, and I walked up Whitehall imagining that the eyes of every passer-by were fixed on me. These feelings were not improved by hearing a gutter imp shriek out: "Hullo! old chap! 'Ow much a pound for yer 'am? Chuck us a bit, will yer?"

I hurriedly stuck as much of my burden as I could under my coat and took refuge in a passing 'bus. Here I was more at peace, though several curious looks were directed towards me, and two young ladies fell into an interminable fit of giggling, of which I had grave suspicions I was the object. However, I reached home at last, and there I was treated with a respect, reverence even, which soothed my wounded feelings. The mysterious bag was minutely examined by every member of the family, and many were the conjectures as to its contents. The parchment label which was attached to the head of the bag with innumerable folds of red tape received a large share of attention. It bore the address of Edward Burleigh Gadfly, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Carabaya, and in the corner, written in large flowing style, was the single word "Salisbury."

"What a beautiful hand Lord Salisbury writes," breathlessly ejaculated my younger sister.

"Oh, yes," I carefully explained; "he has had so much practice in writing his name that he does it splendidly now."

All that evening I was a hero in a small way, and did nothing almost but unlock my portmanteau and show the precious bag to successive troops of friends. At the same time I impressed upon them the utmost secrecy, as I had a lurking fear that I was breaking a diplomatic regulation in showing off a despatch bag in this public manner.

The next day I departed on my voyage to the East, and the six weeks of the journey were to me, I can truthfully say, six long weeks of the most refined torture. I was puzzled even how to get the invaluable bundle safe on board at Tilbury. To send it with my luggage, which went separately, was out of the question. I had no hand-bag into which it could conveniently go; so I ingeniously folded it inside a huge rug which was strapped up along with a lot of sticks and umbrellas. This I carried in my own hand, in defiance of the prayers of importunate porters and the remarks of jeering street boys. I stuck to it manfully amidst the terrible crush which takes place on board our ocean steamers at the hour of parting, even though I was compelled to take it up and hug it lengthwise to my bosom, to prevent the awkward sticks and umbrellas from driving my neighbors to desperation. It is not pleasant to hear some one fiercely mutter behind your back: "What a deuced fool that long-legged goose is!" (I was six feet and some-

what lanky). "Why doesn't he put his abominable bundle down in the cabin, instead of poking everybody's ribs with it?" No; it is decidedly uncomfortable; but there was some consolation in knowing that it was endured for the sake of my queen and country. It interfered even in the dreadful agony of parting with my dearest friends. I clasped the rug firmly with my left arm while shaking hands; but to get my handkerchief out I had to support my burden against the ship's side with my stomach, and there I stood huddled up, a picture of misery and despair, the bitter tears streaming down my cheeks, and my handkerchief fluttering mournfully in the breeze.

When my friends had finally disappeared, and I had cheered up somewhat, my next step was to descend to the cabin, bury the despatch bag deep among my shirts and socks, and carefully lock the portmanteau. I then hunted up the steward, and with every look and movement betokening secrecy, led him into the cabin and cautiously shut the door. Pointing to the portmanteau, I told him that in it were some sketches and drawings which I valued more than my own life—he did not imagine that this was no mere figure of speech—that of course they were of no value to any one else, but I would be particularly obliged if he would keep his eye on the portmanteau when I did not happen to be in the cabin myself. The result of this little confidential chat was that one bright shining sovereign passed from my pocket to the steward's, who retired with many thanks on his lips, but in his inmost heart probably grinning in his sleeve—if such an Irishism may be allowed to express a state of mind.

In spite of this precaution I was still tortured with a vague uneasiness. That bag was on my mind during the day, and at night it always seemed to be on my stomach or tied tightly round my throat. Nightmare was my constant companion, and I often started up at night, banging my head with suicidal force against the bunk above, gasping and struggling for breath. I would see that impish bag get slowly out of the portmanteau, and with a wicked leer in its red-wax eyes, glide on spindle-shank legs up the cabin staircase. I had to rush after it in my *pajamas*, and then would ensue a heart-breaking pursuit round the deck, which generally ended by this fiendish phantasm taking a header over the side and kicking its ghostly heels in derision. I would make one desperate leap, and then would come the real bang

on the head, which brought me back to my senses.

By daytime, of course, when reason reigned supreme, affairs were more cheerful. There were even occasions when, flirting mildly with some of the fascinating girls on board, I forgot my responsible position and really enjoyed myself. But these intervals were few and far between, though it certainly was not for want of pretty girls. Stopping at port was always a time of agony, and stoppages are so frequent on the way to the East. There was the "Gib," as the passengers familiarly called that grand old rock, Malta, Brindisi, Port Said, Suez, Aden, Colombo, etc. The notices which I saw strewed about warning passengers against thieves in the shape of pedlars, holy pilgrims, and fakirs, and announcing that the company would not be responsible for any loss, did not improve my equanimity of mind. When on shore and trying to amuse myself like the others, I was haunted with a dread that something might happen to that accursed bag, and I was always glad to get on board again and make sure by stealthy inspection that it was all right. At one place, Colombo, which has the reputation of being the worst place for ship-thieving on the whole Eastern route, I could not muster courage to leave the vessel. I announced that I had a severe headache, and went and lay down in my bunk with my portmanteau in full sight.

It was a great deprivation to give up Colombo. Every one was talking about running up the interior to Kandy, the ancient capital; and old travellers were loud in their praises of the magnificent tropical scenery to be seen on the way. I put my head through the porthole, sniffed in the sweet, perfumed breezes, and gazed upon the gleaming white Eastern buildings overshadowed by the waving palm-trees. It was very hard luck, I groaned; but *pro patria mori* was my motto, and in the cabin I remained, meal-times excepted, till the anchor was raised.

It was not long after leaving Colombo, that one blazing hot afternoon I retired below to suck oranges for the lack of anything better to do, and at the same time took the opportunity of seeing that the Foreign-Office bag was still there. I dragged it out, and was conjecturing for the hundredth time what the contents might be. By dint of much thinking dur-

ing the previous three weeks, I had pretty well settled in my own mind that it must contain at least a declaration of war against the native state whither I was bound. These cogitations were suddenly cut short by the entrance of my cabin companion. In an instant the despatch bag was again reposing among the shirts and socks, and the lock was shut with a snap. I fancy he saw the action, for he smiled. There was no reason whatever why I should have displayed any trepidation, but I was always nervous where the bag was concerned.

The longest road has a turning, however, and this miserable journey came to a termination at last. Behold your humble servant marching up to the British Consulate at Carabaya, sweltering under a tropical sun, a huge roll of rugs and sticks in one hand, and the other supporting a white umbrella. Like a good and faithful servant had I done my duty. It was an anxious but happy moment for me when I handed over the bag to her Britannic Majesty's consul. He rapidly cut the red tape, and out poured a torrent of private letters, some for himself, which he leisurely began to read. There were also two official-looking letters, and three or four large blue-books. After her Britannic Majesty's consul had glanced over his own letters, he turned his attention to the official ones.

My curiosity was strained to the highest pitch, and no — not if I was to be hanged for it, could I restrain my tongue. "Is it to be war, sir?" I said, in a tremulous and apprehensive voice.

The consul stared at me through his one eyeglass as if I had suddenly gone mad. "What's that? What do you mean?" he gasped.

His glance frightened me. "I only asked, sir, if it is likely to be warm," I responded apologetically, happy to light on so easy an escape.

"Oh — ah — hum," he replied, eyeing me suspiciously. "Not more so than now;" and seeing the perspiration pouring down my face, he added: "I would advise you, Mr. Brown, to go and get a bath, and be sure and souse your head well with cold water."

I have since found out the purport of these documents; but as it would be an inexcusable breach of the first principles of diplomacy to reveal the secret, I must reluctantly leave my readers in ignorance.

